

THE NATION

NOVEMBER 16, 1957 . . 25c

f
a
I

EDMUND WILSON

ALBERT CAMUS

HERBERT GOLD

SAUL BELLOW

books

WEEKEND WITH EZRA POUND — by David Rattray

FREUD AND RESPONSIBILITY — by Richard Peters

THE ART OF TRANSLATION — by M. L. Rosenthal

FROM ETERNITY TO BROOKLYN — by Dan Wakefield



NO TIME TO LISTEN . . . Kay Boyle

THE LIBRARY OF THE
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

LETTERS

Business Unionism

Dear Sirs: I have just read Mr. George Kirstein's piece on the Teamsters Union in the October 19 issue of *The Nation*. I was interested particularly in his statement that "We can now face the real issue whether the already divided labor movement should be further divided."

I feel that the real issue is altogether something else: Are we to have business unionism or are we to have rank-and-file democratic unionism? Business unionism lives on collusion and back-door "sweetheart" deals; it rules through dictatorship from the top. Thievery, corruption and corporation-presidents' salaries and expenses for union officials (Cadillacs and all) are the inevitable by-products. Business unionism does not have a real economic program to meet the challenge of automation, speedup, declining standards of living and job insecurity. And what little program it has, it does not fight for. It has failed to attract the millions of unorganized workers into its ranks.

Business unionism, under the leadership of Mr. Meany and his associates, remains mute while a federal judge moves in to take control of the labor movement. It supports the sinister campaign of the McClellan committee to cripple the labor movement.

In the arena of public affairs, business unionism has abandoned rank-and-file independent political action and has no effective legislative program for the people. Business unionism practices its own brand of McCarthyism in its internal affairs and joins hands with the employers and Congressional witch-hunting committees to fire and blacklist its members who dare invoke their constitutional privileges under the Bill of Rights. It fails to mobilize the millions of its members in the fight against discrimination. And, on the paramount issue of peace, it works to intensify the cold war and its chief spokesman, AFL-CIO President Meany, even exceeds Mr. Dulles in his incitement to war.

To be sure, unity is the real issue, but in my judgment it has to be unity of the rank and file for democratic unionism and against business unionism.

JAMES J. MATLES
Director of Organization,
United Electrical Workers (Ind.)

New York City

Mr. Matles makes many valid points, but none relevant to the single issue to

which I devoted my article, i.e., will the labor movement be better off with Hof-fa's Teamsters outside the AFL-CIO, or inside? It was within this context that I posed the question as to whether the already divided labor movement should be further divided.

GEORGE KIRSTEIN
Publisher, *The Nation*

New York City

Satellite Hysteria

Dear Sirs: Harlow Shapley, in his article, *Satellite Hysteria*, in your October 26 issue, may be perfectly correct, speaking from the cold viewpoint of a scientist, in saying that we can gain as much from the Sputnik information-wise as can the Russians. But he seems not to realize that Sputnik was a psychological Pearl Harbor—that it made tens of millions of people around the world believe Russia to be far ahead of us in offensive striking power. Second, Dr. Shapley does not even mention that in sending the Sputnik—of considerable weight—into outer space, the Communists demonstrated they had perfected rockets of tremendous thrusts capable of sending nuclear warheads thousands of miles. Third, the Sputnik shows that the Reds are leaping ahead of us in the development of scientists and basic research.

The launching of the even heavier Sputnik II, since Dr. Shapley wrote his article, further emphasizes the points I have made.

ALLEN KLEIN

Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

[Dr. Shapley was asked to write about Russia's satellite from the "cold viewpoint" of the scientist, and did so. With respect to Mr. Klein's first two points, Dr. Shapley took note, in his article, of "the psychological effect the launching seems to have on world chancelleries," adding that "this effect . . . is likely to be decreased by our own rocket and satellite accomplishments of the next few months." As regards Mr. Klein's third point, Dr. Shapley reminded his readers that all the "basic science" involved in the Soviet achievement "has long been known" and that what we now face is merely a "tough, technical job."

Incidentally, one of Dr. Shapley's assumptions has already been confirmed. A U.P. dispatch to *The New York Times* of November 3 quotes a spokesman for the U.S. Naval Research Laboratory as stating that "the Soviet satellite has been of immense help to the U.S. satellite project."—Editor.]

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

333 •

ARTICLES

- 335 • The Showcase War
by CARL DREHER
- 339 • From Eternity to Brooklyn
by DAN WAKEFIELD
- 341 • No Time to Listen
by KAY BOYLE

FALL BOOK SECTION

- 343 • Weekend with Ezra Pound
by DAVID RATTRAY
- 345 • Ezra Pound in Paris and Elsewhere (poem)
by RAMON GUTHRIE
- 349 • Hip, Cool, Beat—and Frantic
by HERBERT GOLD
- 350 • Auschwitz (poem)
by HAROLD ENRICO
- 352 • The Hot-Rods Ride at Dusk (poem)
by S. P. ZITNER
- 355 • Preface to "The Stranger"
by ALBERT CAMUS
- 355 • Cancion de Las Siete Doncellas (poem)
by PAUL BLACKBURN
- 356 • Freud and Responsibility
by RICHARD PETERS
- 358 • Nocturne of the Dead Adolescent (poem)
by NORMAN THOMAS DI GIOVANNI
- 361 • The University as Villain
by SAUL BELLOW
- 362 • Ignis Dominae (poem)
by DILYS LAING
- 363 • Cortaron Tres Arboles (poem)
by PAUL BLACKBURN
- 364 • Mushrooms, Russia and the Wassons
by EDMUND WILSON
- 366 • Three Religious Poems
by ERIC BENTLEY
- 370 • Fable (poem)
by MURIEL RUKEYSER
- 371 • The Virtue of Translation
by M. L. ROSENTHAL
- 374 • Theatre
by HAROLD CLURMAN
- 375 • Music
by LESTER TRIMBLE
- 375 • May Song (poem)
by A. J. M. SMITH and GEORGES JOYAUX

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 376)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

Staff Contributors: W. Macmahon Ball, Carolus, Maxwell Geismar, Harvey O'Connor, Andrew Roth, Howard K. Smith, Dan Wakefield, Alexander Werth, H. H. Wilson.

The Nation, Nov. 16, 1957, Vol. 185, No. 16

The Nation, published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1957, in the U.S.A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class mail privileges authorized at New York, N.Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year \$3. Two years \$14. Three years \$20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian \$1.

EDITORIALS

Plus and Minus

For political reasons the President, in his broadcast last week on Science in National Security, apparently concluded that it was necessary for him to answer the critics of his defense policies by emphasizing the need for an intensification of missile and related programs. In taking this position, he checked the force of the political attack which has been building up but, by the same token, missed an excellent opportunity to underscore the folly of the present arms race. His address, however, was notable in at least one respect: it marks, one would think, the end of the period of extreme secrecy in scientific matters bearing on defense. By pointing to the absurdity of denying information to allies which is already known to "the enemy," the President revealed the secret of secrecy, namely, that in science secrecy is short-lived.

In almost casual fashion, President Eisenhower assumed that henceforth information would be more freely shared with our allies—as though this were, as indeed it is, a self-evident proposition. But it was Sputnik I and II that made it possible for him to adopt this casual tone. For it is now obvious to all except the paranoids that the Russians could not have stolen secrets that, in this instance, we did not possess. It may well be, therefore, that the unprecedented atmosphere of secrecy and suspicion of the last ten years, which produced such disgraceful episodes as the Oppenheimer case, will now be dissipated.

The President made an excellent selection in naming Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., as his scientific defense expediter. But if this selection was first-rate, the President did not do so well in selecting the personnel of the Civil Rights Commission. In this field, Mr. Eisenhower had rich resources to tap; there are countless citizens of impeccable character, background and reputation, who have shown a genuine dedication to civil rights and civil liberties. Instead of selecting a commission made up of such individuals, or at least one leavened by them, the President has named a commission which

occupies "the extreme center" position on civil rights. But even this commission, one may assume, is likely to be viewed askance by Senator James Eastland of Mississippi, the chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee.

Generals for Peace

A remarkable moral and intellectual phenomenon is to be found in the eloquent advocacy of peace by former military commanders of high rank in this country. The outstanding example, of course, is that of the present Commander in Chief, President Dwight D. Eisenhower. Still another is General of the Army Douglas MacArthur. Beginning with an address in Los Angeles shortly after his retirement, General MacArthur has continued to voice impassioned pleas for peace. A recent addition to the roster of Generals for Peace is another General of the Army, Omar N. Bradley. General Bradley—the soldier's soldier—finds immense and awful irony, in his November 5 address at St. Alban's School in Washington, in mankind's attempt "to stave off this ultimate threat of disaster by devising arms which would be both ultimate and disastrous . . . inevitably this whole electronic house of cards will reach a point where it can be constructed no higher."

Would that all our generals and admirals on active duty, as well as our clergymen, our college presidents, our business and labor leaders and, above all, our Senators and Representatives, could see the folly of the current arms race as clearly as do Generals Eisenhower, MacArthur and Bradley! Unfortunately some of the most influential Congressional spokesmen on military matters—one thinks of Senators Symington and Jackson—remain convinced that the way to prevent war is so to overwhelm the Soviets with obsolete manned bombers and interceptor planes that they will sue for peace—on our terms. This type of thinking is tragically outdated. The real challenge of our time, as General Bradley sees it, is "how to employ human intelligence for the salvation of mankind . . . to concentrate human intelligence less on earth satellites and more on this satellite, earth."

The Uses of Backwardness

One of the paradoxes of Sputnik I and II is that the Soviets, with their inefficient transport, negligible motor traffic and often impassable roads should have scored such a stunning triumph in the field of astronautics. It is as though with one mighty leap they had managed to hurdle several intermediate phases in the development of the art of getting from here to there. But as Isaac Deutscher—and Veblen before him—have pointed out, the late-comer often enjoys advantages relative to the first-comers in technological competition. Japan and Germany were Veblen's examples; the USSR is Deutscher's. For example, during World War II the Soviets were handicapped by lack of effective air power, but they were able to move into the post-war period unhampered by vested interests and the blight of obsolescence which such interests foster. Unfortunately, as a first-comer in aviation, we were not so blessed. As the concept of strategic striking power gained ascendancy in Washington, the Air Force began to gain relative to the other services in the biennial battle for appropriations. The Air Force initially regarded the missile as a threat to its preferred position and expanding personnel. But when it became apparent that missiles threatened to supersede not merely the manned bomber but the manned interceptor plane as well, the Air Force, which shares a remarkable identity of interest with the aviation industry, suddenly decided to pre-empt the missile field. This, as we pointed out in an earlier issue (see editorial, *The Aircraft Lobby*, July 20, 1957, p. 22) was the real meaning of the Nickerson court-martial in Huntsville, Alabama. If it develops, as now seems likely, that the Soviets have evolved a new fuel, the fact that we have been left behind in this respect may also be traced to an Air Force-aircraft industry preference for liquid fuels. As the USSR has discovered, backwardness has its uses.

The View From Below

In weighing the practical and moral aspects of the issue of whether the AFL-CIO should expel the Teamsters Union unless Jimmy Hoffa is ousted as president, little consideration has been given to the views of rank-and-file teamsters, particularly the rebels or militants within the union. Recently the *Wall Street Journal* (November 7) reported that the rebels—specifically those who are supporting the litigation against Hoffa—feel that their position would be imperiled should the union be expelled. Their energies would then be directed not to organizing a movement against Hoffa, but to a desperate effort to stay in the union. Speaking at a meeting of anti-Hoffa forces in Syracuse, Pat Kennedy, one of the rebel leaders, had this to say: "If the teamsters are expelled from AFL-CIO and we pull out, then only the thieves will be left to vote in a court-supervised

election. Don't pull out of the union whatever happens." In general, the *Wall Street Journal* finds that the strategy of fighting Hoffa is viewed quite differently by the rank-and-file of the union than by the AFL-CIO leaders. The rank-and-file see nothing but trouble in the suggestion that, following expulsion, a rival union should be organized with which they could affiliate. "If the AFL-CIO starts issuing federal charters to anti-Hoffa locals, or begins a rival truck union," states one of the rebel leaders, "you won't see the end of it in our lifetime. It'll be murder with the unions fighting each other and the employers in the middle, getting it from both sides." The views of these rank-and-file leaders should be studied with care; no group is risking more in the struggle against Hoffa.

A Modern Cellini

In the matter of the cynical maneuver by which Governor Goodwin Knight of California has been undercut and shunted aside, we suspect that Senator Knowland is telling the truth when he says he has made no deal either with Knight or with the matinee-idol Machiavelli in the Vice-Presidential chair. No one denies that the "rumor technique" used against Knight—the time-honored stratagem of starting a missive report that a man is going to quit in order to help pressure him into quitting—originated with the Nixon forces. The rumor started only a few days after Los Angeles papers announced the addition to the Knowland team of a number of Nixon's hand-picked buddies.

The routine interpretation is that in return for this assist to Knowland's gubernatorial hopes, the Senator has agreed: (1) not to enter the 1960 Presidential primary outside California; (2) not to enter such primary in California; or (3) to wait until 1964. But if this interpretation is wrong, as Knowland insists, what prompted Nixon to nudge Knight aside in favor of Knowland? California is a peculiar place, and it's well to keep in mind that Knight is more popular than Knowland with the totality of voters, due to some labor support which the present Governor enjoys and to Knowland's charge with the "right-to-work" brigade. Suppose, as is generally expected, that Knight declares for Knowland's Senate seat. Knight and Knowland would be the top of the state GOP ticket for '59. *But*—and this is the crusher—no matter which Democrats ran, no matter who won or lost, Knight would almost certainly get more votes than Knowland. How could the GOP seriously consider as Presidential candidate a man who couldn't lead the ticket in his own state?

California's Republican machinery is already divided into thirds, and Nixon's is the only share that can't grow smaller no matter what happens. Indeed, if political acumen were gold, Nixon's deft touch would make him a Cellini.

THE SHOWCASE WAR... *by Carl Dreher*

OUR SHOCK reaction to the Russians beating us into orbit is perhaps as important as the event itself. Diastrophic technological change dominates the economic and military scene and we must learn to live with it. In the technological contests ahead it will be well not to be too elated at our triumphs, too dejected at our defeats, for in the nature of things both will be ephemeral. The war of demonstration and nerves is going to be with us for some time to come. God forbid that we should see an early cessation, for, as things are, only a thermonuclear war could stop it. But it can be a substitute for war; in this strange form William James's prophecy may come true.

That we lost this particular round is not at all surprising: it is even to our credit that we lost it. As early as June, 1954, Dr. Wernher von Braun and his colleagues at Army's Redstone had a plausible scheme for launching an earth satellite by 1956. This was Project Orbiter. But the White House decided in July, 1955, that the project was properly a scientific effort for the International Geophysical Year. The Army was frozen out and the project was assigned to the National Science Foundation and the Navy on a basis of high instrumentation and low priority, the latter designed to prevent such an obviously long-hair project from interfering with military-missile development. With his usual frankness, Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson said he didn't care whether the United States or the Soviet Union was first in putting up an earth satellite. *That* was the time for editorial writers to cry out, not after Sputnik had started orbiting.

Of course, from a propaganda and domestic political standpoint, it became clear on the morning after October 4, 1957, that the White House decision had been wrong. But not from any other standpoint. The proj-

ect *was* of a scientific nature and the elaborate American satellite will pay off in scientific data when it does go aloft. The Administration could further defend its stand (but won't) on the ground that international efforts in this field may ultimately contribute to international security, even though in the instant case the party that did not separate scientific, military and propaganda goals gained a temporary advantage. It is also hard to see how the Congressional majority can complain, since Congress refused to appropriate an additional \$32 million requested for the program at the last session.

THE public, bemused by a synthesis of secrecy, science fiction, and military and corporate press-agentry, assumed that the United States was automatically in the lead in everything technological. Since 1945, in both the United States and the Soviet Union, the mass media have labored to the end that the common man should see no vestige of good in the other's system. But in the Soviet Union this endless vituperation has been controlled for exclusively political purposes, so that relatively little of it has spilled over into the areas of science and technology. The Soviet experts in these fields were under no illusions; they knew the branches in which they were inferior to the West. Consequently they and the government, equally clear-eyed in this respect, were in a position to take all necessary steps to catch up. They have now surpassed us in some fields and may surpass us in still others.

Scientific and engineering history teaches that Europe first, rather than America first, has been the rule not only in basic science, but in engineering as well. We tend to remember the exceptions, such as the airplane, the atomic bomb (which was really an international achievement) and the atomic submarine. Historically, however, our *métier* has been mass production of what others have created. In the era of super-technology, this will not qualify us to play the leading role. We shall have to

do for ourselves some things we have been accustomed to having done for us, and we shall have to do in cooperation with others things we have been accustomed to doing by ourselves.

And we must discard the notion that by some sort of technological charism we are bound to come out on top. Even the level-headed and immensely capable Dr. Vannevar Bush argued in 1949 that democratic nations have an inherent advantage in technological development. He cited the Nazi failure to develop the atomic bomb and extrapolated it to the Russians. They could not, he said, "even apply science to war in the forms it will take in the future, without mistakes and waste and delay." Of course they can't, nor can anyone else, and can we be sure that in every field it will always be more true of the Russians than of us? As for the German atomic failure, there are at least three conflicting accounts of what happened. One is that the Nazis didn't put the necessary resources and facilities at the disposal of their atomic scientists. Another explanation, offered by J. Bronowski, does tend to support Bush: it is that whenever one of the younger men came up with a good idea, he was shoved aside on the ground that Heisenberg had all the answers already. Robert Jungk, however, says that the German scientists didn't like the Nazis any better than did their colleagues abroad and deliberately dragged their feet.

WHATEVER happened in Germany fifteen years ago, recent events have proven wrong every nationalist, racist, ideological or other theory invoking built-in superiority in science or technology. Technological advance is a very arduous and sober enterprise. Seminal ideas don't come easily or predictably. They don't come because you are or are not a democrat, a Communist, an American, a Russian, or a Jew. And when you have found the answer to one problem, if you let it give you a swelled head, you won't find the answer to the next one.

CARL DREHER spent many years as an engineer before he turned to writing. His latest book is *Automation*, just published by W. W. Norton.

November 16, 1957

What has been the effect of the Sputniks on the short-term military outlook? Are we imperiled? Suddenly great numbers of editorial and feature writers, some of whom were only recently under the impression that a perigee is a type of wig, are busily analyzing the strategic consequences of what has happened. Many of them have us hanging on the ropes, whence only a czar, a crash program, a mass awakening followed by a mass belt-tightening, can save us.

Actually, things don't look so bad. Certainly they are no worse than when the Russian announcement of August 26 that they had tested an intercontinental missile was brushed off by the President and Mr. Dulles. Although their intercontinental missile is probably a year or more from operational status, they do have an operational intermediate missile. But we have a good many lethal devices, too, and nobody is going to fire big missiles out of hand. We are passing through a period of Sputnik diplomacy and it should be seen for what it is: war by demonstration, known to primitive tribes and brought up to date in the form of atomic-bomb testing. It will be remembered that a group of American scientists petitioned Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson to drop the first atomic bomb in Tokyo Bay instead of on a Japanese city. In a shooting war there were obstacles to such a humane and sensible course, but by all indications demonstration will be increasingly exploited by the Great Powers as the only alternative to anthropocide.

TERMS LIKE "atomic diplomacy," "rocket diplomacy," etc., are merely complaints by the side which is momentarily lagging in some phase or other of technological development. General Maxwell D. Taylor refers to "the atomic missile blackmail which we may expect to encounter in the coming years." When they do it, it's blackmail; when we do it, it's defense of the free world. In 1946, the Russians were crying "atomic diplomacy" at the Baruch Plan; now it is their turn with rocket diplomacy. But the Russian advantage will in turn fade, and even while it

lasts it is scarcely comparable with the advantage the United States formerly enjoyed in atomic technology and still enjoys in atomic bombs carried in manned aircraft operating from bases close to the borders of the Soviet Union. The United States has the further diplomatic advantage of actually having used atomic bombs in war. In contrast, no one has yet fired a big rocket in anger and by all available information no nation has rockets in production which are capable of accurate delivery over intercontinental distances. Rocket diplomacy is, for the moment, largely bluff, and the reaction to it in the United States is largely hysteria on the part of the uninformed and, on the part of some of the informed, a God-sent opportunity to get larger appropriations and procurement contracts just when the economy needs a shot in the arm.

THE SPUTNIKS themselves cannot put even a spoonful of borscht onto the United States. Their only significance is that the Russians are so far advanced in rocketry that they can boost 1,000 pounds fairly high into the heavens. But it is one thing to swing an inert object into orbit in accordance with the laws Isaac Newton formulated nearly three centuries ago, and quite another to have a thermonuclear bomb which will re-enter and traverse the earth's atmosphere intact and strike on or close to a city or air base 5,000 nautical miles away. Of course, the radius of destruction being what it is, such a missile doesn't need to be as accurate as an artillery shell; nevertheless, there are limits to the allowable error if the weapon is to be useful. Suppose, when the ICBM does become operational, that its accuracy at the outset is no better than 1 per cent of the distance spanned. On this supposition, a missile aimed at Grand Central Terminal might land north of Newburgh, N. Y., or off the coast of New Jersey, or around Port Jefferson, Long Island, or Easton, Pennsylvania. When the First Secretary of the Soviet Embassy said that the Russian test ICBM hit the target "exactly," he was talking the language of diplo-

macy, not in technological terms.

Now suppose that an equivalent missile is fired only 1,000 miles. Other things being equal, the error would then be ten miles instead of fifty. But that is something *we* are in a position to do to the Russians (and the Russians to the nations of Western Europe), if not with missiles, then with bombers; but the Russians are not presently in a position to do the same to us. If one regards the Cold War as initially unavoidable (as the writer does not, but most Americans do), then the establishment of the air bases ring-fencing the Soviet Union was good nuclear-air strategy which will retain its value for some time to come.

True, the prospect of intercontinental missiles traveling in twenty minutes from Russian launching sites to American cities is not a pleasant one. But the missiles, if launched, will travel just as fast in the other direction, and there is no reason to believe that American guidance systems will not keep at least abreast of the Russian ones.

WHAT does it add up to, then? If the best we can hope for, under present conditions, is a war of technology and nerves, we must get used to it. The Russians are made of flesh and blood the same as ours. Their nerves have withstood the 400 atomic air bases with which we have girded their domain. They have withstood Major General Anderson (he who announced himself prepared to bomb the "five Russian A-bomb nests" and to justify the deed before Jesus Christ in person), General George C. Kenney, Admiral William H. Standley, Major General Grow (he of the stolen diary: "Communism must be destroyed! . . . War! As soon as possible. Now! . . . We must start by hitting below the belt. . .") and many other strong, hysterical Americans, both military and civilian. If the Russians have remained calm in the face of all this, surely we can remain calm before a weapon which, by its nature, is better held in reserve as a deterrent or threat, and which, if used, is just as likely to annihilate the user as the victim.

The pace of technology, already

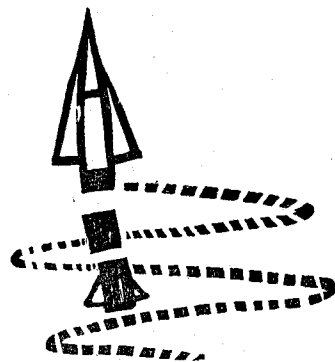
disconcertingly rapid, must be further accelerated for the ends of the "war by development and demonstration." War in the traditional sense is obsolete. The new type of war involves testing of both weapons and nerves. Insofar as shooting war is still contemplated (and how reluctantly those in the seats of power relinquish the chief staple of their commerce!) it is of the "limited" variety. But the threats associated with technological diplomacy are still of unlimited magnitude—massive retaliation on the Soviet Union, wipe out Turkey in a day, etc. Big threats cost no more than little ones, and make better headlines.

AT THIS stage it is unrealistic to expect the nations to disarm or to abolish war by agreement. We would expect, and we have, a transitional stage. Combat by test and demonstration meets the psychological and practical requirements of the transition. Full national sovereignty is retained, with all the panoply of threat, force, coercion and crisis. War remains inevitable, but it cannot be fought; so the atomic firecrackers are exploded and the missiles are launched—but not at the enemy.

This is not remarkable, actually. The asymptotic upsurge in the power of weapons has raised to predominance countervailing tendencies as old as man's hostilities. Madness has played less of a role, and reason more, than one would gather from the conventional study of history. The conflicts which were resolved by kinetic force are given disproportionate prominence, if only because less is known of the conflicts resolved by compromise based on relative magnitude of potential force. Even the Mongols made a practice of sending emissaries offering peace in exchange for tribute. They attacked only when, in the customary mode of rejection, the unfortunate diplomats were put to death. In our time the Nazis' "Samson complex" has been much overrated. They thought they could win. Now, as then, madness is restrained only by the fear of defeat and reason prevails only to the extent that madness is checked—but in the present technological situation, that is quite enough.

In the inception of the coalition wars of the past half-century, it was not enough, for only one side was so deterred—or neither. There was still the intoxicating self-deception of superior strength (we can, we *will*, beat them!) and there was no substitute for the ultimacy of war. During and since World War II, technology has provided both the corrective and the substitute. All earlier armaments races have ended in war, but never before has there been an armaments race of hydrogen bombs and ballistic missiles.

In the transitional stage, operational weapons are indispensable, so that each contestant may feel the insecurity which springs from the possession by his adversary of the same lethal instruments which generate his own equally essential feelings of security. Both security and insecurity are illusory: security because the weapons, if used, would destroy both sides; insecurity be-



cause, on that account, the weapons will not be used. Yet the resulting equilibrium is real and stable. It is as real as the co-annihilation which the contestants know would follow if the balance were upset. It is stable because neither decisive retreat nor decisive advance is possible for either. Accoutered with their super-weapons, the super-powers are frozen in mutual antipathy and impotence: the more powerful their weapons, the less their room for maneuver. And the neutrals they both woo in one of the areas of action still open to them receive gladly, but without fulsome gratitude, the offerings of both sides.

The Rubicon has been crossed, in reverse. The chances of a third world war are very small. Of course, George Eliot was right when she said that

prophecy is the most gratuitous form of error. One cannot predict, one can only hypothesize. But the transition from trial by mass murder to trial by technological demonstration is not a prediction. It is already happening. It is the next stage that can only be hypothesized.

THE PRESENT stage has different internal effects in different countries. In the Communist countries, military spending is an additional strain on an already heavily strained economy, and, by holding down the standard of living, gives the anti-Communist coalition a sizable advantage in the Cold War. In the United States, military spending plays a generally beneficent Keynesian role, although onerous in respect to liability to inflation and funds available for private capital investment. Guns, atom bombs, missiles not only provide the Gemini of security-insecurity, but assure a continuation of butter and station wagons. Consequently, the United States is most reluctant to reduce military spending; and this, despite the anxiety of some big businessmen to hold it down to what they regard as an optimum level, is a major factor in the propagation of the technological war.

Another internal support of the security-insecurity coupling is the degree to which external insecurity facilitates government by, and on behalf of, the propertied or other dominant classes. In return for compliance, the governed are guaranteed conditional security against the alien menace. The promissory security must never be quite sufficient to banish insecurity entirely or for long. But there is no danger of this in a modern armaments race, where the lead continually seesaws and the military and corporate press agents continually try to plunge the populace into a state of anxious gloom, from which it will shortly be lifted by another technological miracle.

Two possibilities of global war by co-annihilation remain. One is the proposed regression to initially "limited" wars which Dr. Henry Kissinger, the Army's director of clairvoyance, advocates as "a gauge of the determination of the con-

tenders." If we are not prepared for such wars, international communism will gradually enslave us by subversion, insurrection and alienation of our dearly bought allies. These limited wars will be fought with low- and medium-yield atomic bombs up to, say, 500 kilotons TNT, or about twenty times the yield of the Hiroshima bomb. It is, of course, conceivable that the contenders would continue testing each other's determination to the point where they were showering each other with megaton bombs, either through an excess of zeal or inability to read the labels.

SINCE THE END of World War II, limited wars without atomic bombs have been fought in Greece, Korea, Vietnam, Hungary (where the United States limited its testing to incitement and giving sanctuary to some of the freedom fighters and opportunists) and Suez. All were stopped short of the conflagration point. The recent Middle East war was fought entirely by threats, demonstrations and speeches in the United Nations. On the available evidence, there would appear to be considerable reluctance to allow local engagements to spread. This circumspection, induced by the hard facts of technology, might prevent the use of nuclear weapons altogether. Dulles, Radford and Nixon were in favor of testing them at Dienbienphu, but were overruled by Eisenhower and the British, as MacArthur was previously overruled by Truman. Whoever reverses the prudent abstinence so far shown would not only take on himself a heavy (but probably bearable) moral responsibility, but if the war went all-out and he providentially survived it, might find himself in danger of hanging, if anyone was left to hang him.

If it does not spread, limited war will *ipso facto* be inconclusive. If it is not settled by compromise as in Korea and Vietnam, the victory of one side or the other will still leave the loser in possession of the means of massive reprisal at a time of his own choosing. Being inconclusive, limited wars will lack the inspiring quality of wars *à outrance*.

When the ultimate weapons were bows and arrows and soldiers were armed with bows and arrows, war was satisfying: a man was doing what a man could do. And so with rifles, cannon, aircraft and all the other pre-atomic contributions of technology. But when atomic bombs become available and only TNT can be used, or megaton bombs are available but even kiloton bombs involve the undesired risk of bringing the megatons into play, men will tire of staking their lives in such insignificant and futile struggles. The Korean War is an index to the popularity of limited wars: Eisenhower's overwhelming victory in 1952 was partly due to his promise to end it.

The other possibility of global disaster is unofficial aggression of megaton magnitude, or one capable of precipitating reprisal on a megaton scale. Officers of strategic air or missile wings could conceivably embark on divinely sanctioned missions, as the Japanese did in the bombing of the U.S.S. *Panay* and similar forays. Such assaults are unlikely, but point to the importance of the Great Powers keeping a tight rein on their janissaries, especially those of frustrated allies, until such time as the ambitions of the adventurous can be diverted to space travel.

THE armaments race will then become a moon race. And as the moon, and possibly other bodies of the solar system, come within reach, pre-occupation with wars by development and demonstration on the earth and in its atmosphere may be expected to diminish. They may well end before that time. Actually, there is only one solution—coexistence—but those who call for coexistence with peace are premature. (Which does not absolve men of good will from speaking up on every possible occasion for a *détente* and explaining to everyone who will listen why, and for whose benefit, wars of whatever kind are waged: prematurity is necessary in every good cause.) What is possible, and already here, is coexistence with technological war as we have known it for the past ten or twelve years.

The question is not whether the prognosis is pleasant, but whether

it is plausible. There is certainly considerable sentiment against atomic war, but: practically none against technological war. Out of some 600,000 scientists and engineers in the United States, fewer than 350 belong to the Society for Social Responsibility in Science, whose members refrain from working on military projects, each deciding for himself what is sufficiently removed from direct military application to permit him to participate with not too bad a conscience. Of course, not all who sympathize with its aims belong to this organization or even know of its existence, but even if we estimate the potential membership as tenfold the actual membership, it would only be of the order of .5 per cent of the total number in these professions. The ratio among other citizens is probably no greater; the protesters against air-raid drills are a handful among millions who troop obediently to the shelters. The common people have been propagandized into a state of political catalepsy. None of the contending governments is under pressure from its subjects to strive actively for peace. This is unlikely to change soon, consequently the armaments race is unlikely to be stopped by international agreement in the calculable future. The prospects that it will remain an armaments race are, however, excellent.

THEN, AT SOME point, perhaps gradually, perhaps rapidly, eroding forces will come into action. Even the cataleptics will begin to see that, technologically, verbal menaces have effects precisely the opposite of those intended. Dr. Louis N. Ridenour has noted that the British were some seven years ahead of us in appreciating the importance of electronics to the war in the air. Hitler's threats impelled them to develop radar. By the same condign process, our resolve to destroy the Soviet system has stimulated the technological initiative and inventiveness of the Russians, and vice versa. This will begin to be generally understood. It will also be understood that Gargantuan economies could be realized, public morals and manners could be immeasurably improved, and people

The NATION

could live without fear if international competition could be kept on a non-military basis, with weapon-making only implicit in the technological developments.

INEVITABLY, when weapons are no longer used, only tested, the time will come when they will no longer be made. That time is not yet. For the present and the discernible future, the situation is far from ideal.

If Vernon L. Parrington could complain, in his day, that science had been made the drab and slut of industrialism, what would he say now? Moreover, since witch-hunting is a natural concomitant of any type of armaments race, it would be rash to assume that even the present slackening will be permanent. Realistically, intensification of political persecution at critical junctures is to be expected. Just the same, the

general outlook is better than it was only a few years ago, when McCarthy was powerful enough to lay hands even on such a one as John J. McCloy, and an American variant of fascism was by no means precluded, and the technological war was not far enough advanced so that one could be sure it was not the prelude to Armageddon.

Now we can see the future. It works badly, but it works.

FROM ETERNITY to BROOKLYN... by Dan Wakefield

I have eaten your bread and salt.
I have drunk your water and wine.
The deaths ye died I have watched
beside,
And the lives ye led were mine.

—RUDYARD KIPLING, as quoted by
James Jones on the dedication
page of *From Here to Eternity*.

AMERICAN literary realism reached its high-water mark several weeks ago in Room 123 of the Kings County Supreme Court in Brooklyn, New York. James Jones, author of *From Here to Eternity*, took the witness stand for his publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons and The New American Library, who were being sued for a half-million dollars in libel charges. The complainant was a short and swarthy Italian-American from Brooklyn who served with Jones in F Company of the 25th Infantry at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, in 1940. His name was Maggio.

As is known by the more than two million readers of the novel *From Here to Eternity*, and the millions more who saw the movie, one of the tale's main characters is "Maggio"—a short, swarthy Italian-American from Brooklyn who served in "G Company" of the 25th Infantry at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, in 1940.

There are, however, as counsel for defense pointed out to the jury, certain differences in the lives of the two characters in question. The Maggio in the book once lived on Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn; but

the Maggio who sat in the courtroom never lived on Atlantic Avenue, nor had he, as had the Maggio of the book, ever lived above a grocery store. Furthermore, the Maggio of the book was "Angelo Maggio" and this fellow on the front bench was Joseph Anthony Maggio—though he claimed that his nickname at Schofield had been "Angelo."

Joseph Anthony Maggio works as a mail-handler at the Church Street post office, and for the past four years the passion of his life has been the hope of proving his identity as a character of James Jones's imagination. He is not a man who spends his Sundays with *The New York Times Book Review*, and his discovery of Jones's chronicle of the days at Schofield was therefore a bit delayed. The book was published in February, 1951, but it was not until after the movie came out that the boys from the barracks heard about the story. We may assume that if it hadn't been for the movie, the trial in Brooklyn would never have taken place; some of the men from Schofield who testified still haven't read the novel. Jones's "realistic" use of the names of the men in the old company was no doubt based on a well-founded belief that none of them would be likely to see their names as long as the story was hidden in the covers of a book. Even when the book became a paperback bestseller, the author was safe; it was the movie that started the trouble. When Maggio held a reunion of his buddies in

Company F at his house in Brooklyn in 1953, most of the guys had seen the movie, which promptly became the main topic of discussion. It figured that someone ought to be cashing in on the thing besides Jones and Frank Sinatra (who played the part of Maggio in the movie), but no one knew quite how.

Later that year, Maggio found out that Paul Slade, a fellow worker at the post office, was reading *From Here to Eternity* on his lunch hour. Maggio explained that he was Maggio, and his co-worker was quite impressed. Slade, a free-lance photographer, suggested they work up a magazine picture-story of Maggio the mail clerk; a kind of "Where is



DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

November 16, 1957

he now?" postscript to the popular novel. Maggio agreed and got a check for \$35 as "modeling fee" for the pictures. The piece was taken by *Carnival* magazine of the Hillman publications, but never printed; the publishers didn't want to risk the possibilities of libel.

Having tried and failed with the magazines, Maggio went to the courts. His first attempt had been to advertise his identification as Jones's Maggio; his next was to say that such identification was libelous. In March of 1954, a Brooklyn lawyer named Harry Ander filed for Maggio a charge of criminal invasion of privacy against Scribner's and Columbia Pictures. Magistrate Alfred Dunaif dismissed the case and ruled that "except for the alleged identity of name the property did not in any wise point to or identify the complainant as the person in the book and the film." The court observed that, after all, the name Maggio was "fairly common." Ander and Maggio retreated to Brooklyn to recoup their forces. They marched again this October, striking in civil court with charges that Maggio's character had been defamed by his picturization in the novel as a hard-drinking, gambling soldier who picked up "queers." This time they drew James Jones up from Marshall, Illinois, where he was settled down with his wife and the proofs for his new book, *Some Came Running*, which is scheduled for publication this winter. The memories of Schofield were presumably far removed from Jones's present address of 1 Beech Street Lane, Marshall, Illinois—but Room 123 of the Kings County Supreme Court was full of them. It was, in a sense, a reunion by subpoena.

A blackboard sat on one side of the room with the names of all the men who served with Jones at Schofield and whose names, reproduced in part or with variations, appeared in *From Here to Eternity*: Martuscelli, Maggio, Griffin, Marticelli, Jenkins, Wilkinson, Russell, Stewart, Jackson, Palusco, Malloy, Ickivitch, Bloom, Kovac, Mallenox, King, Napp, Nair, Harris, Wells. Further bringing back the memory of Schofield Barracks was the reading by

counsel for defense of 250 pages of the novel. Finally, there was that most hallowed of all memorial relics—the big official company picture, which Ander thrust at Jones for identification. As happens in all reunions, the faces and shapes of the men present had altered somewhat from the image frozen in time by the group picture. Maggio, who then was short and scrawny, is now turning fat, and his dark, jowly face resembles the face of Richard Nixon more than it does Frank Sinatra. Jones, who appeared on the paperback edition of *Eternity* with his broad shoulders thrusting nearly out of a striped t-shirt, has since acquired a dark, pin-stripe suit, black-rimmed glasses and a red, pencil-thin mustache.

However, as is also true of any reunion, little else had changed but appearances. Jones was still the outsider, and Maggio, Ted Orlowski and Joe Martuscelli were still trying to work a deal. On the next to last day of the trial, Orlowski testified for Maggio that Joseph Anthony Maggio was commonly called "Angelo" by the men of Company F. This was a key point in the case, for Jones had claimed that Joseph Anthony Maggio was known only as "Joe," or sometimes "Joe DiMaggio," but nothing else; he therefore could not be Angelo Maggio, the character in the book.

JONES stood outside the hall during a recess after Orlowski had testified, shaking his head and saying Orlowski knew very well that Maggio was never called "Angelo" at Schofield. "You see," Jones explained, "Orlowski was an athlete—one of the jockstraps. He was one of the company's operators. Maggio wanted to be, but he was never really on the inside, because he wasn't a jockstrap. But he always hung around with them. Now here they are all trying to pull a deal again."

It was seventeen years later, but everything was really the same. The jockstraps never inherit the earth, although they are always trying—and always will be, from here to eternity. The trial was another chapter in the book. One expected any minute to see Robert E. Lee

Pruitt arrive (there was a man in F Company named Robert Lee Stewart, who, like the Pruitt in the book, was a bugler and a boxer born in Kentucky) and tell the court that he now was employed as trumpet man in a burlesque pit band in Calumet City, Illinois.

It could have been written years ago that Maggio would get as his counsel in this case Harry Ander, who was self-described in court as a "nine-to-five lawyer" in Brooklyn. Jones, now in league with the venerable firm of Charles Scribner's Sons, could have had no one but the Scribner's lawyer, Horace P. Manges, who conducted his case not only with brilliance, but withering dignity.

Horace Manges, a man who has obviously read all of Proust, sized up the jury and held up to them as proof of the greatness of *From Here to Eternity* that it won the National Book Award over "the wonderful *Caine Mutiny*." Manges misses no nuance; he is the lawyer we all imagine ourselves to be in the courtroom scene of our fantasy.

He got James Jones on the stand to explain the craft of fiction to the jurors, who might have some mistaken impressions of how books were written: especially the book *From Here to Eternity*. Manges asked Jones if, in his job as assistant company clerk for F Company, he had access to the biographical files of the men, and if he had been taking notes then and there for his novel. Jones assured the court that he had not copied *From Here to Eternity* out of the F Company files, and that the only notes he took while at Schofield were the kind a man takes who is learning to write: "... Impressions of the island and the city of Honolulu" and descriptions of scenes, such as "the way the dust would rise when the men were marching. . . ."

AS TO HOW he happened to think up the novel, Jones told Manges that it sprung from the idea that "The army seemed to destroy its best soldiers . . . the paradox of this intrigued me." The theme, he said, was the attempt of the first sergeant to save the private (Pruitt) for the army. Now, it might not seem

The NATION

to the jury that the love affair fit into that vision. But Jones explained that the love story of Captain "Dynamite" Holmes (there happened to have been at Schofield a real Captain "TNT" Griffin, who, like "Dynamite," had a wife and young son) was added later, and that any novel has to have a love affair if you want it to sell.

These matters of craft seemed puzzling to Harry Ander, who kept asking Jones why he wrote the book. Mr. Ander felt it was a piece of subversion, and assured the jury in summation that Jones could not get away with "impressing his personality on the world" and "using that kind of language." We here in the United States can take criticism, Ander said, but "not of a degrading nature," which included such tactics as "terrible language against nationalities." This was in reference to the

fact that the Maggio of *Eternity* was referred to by his barracks buddies as "Wop."

When Ander finished his summation, he further enlightened a visitor by saying that Jones had profited by using the real names of the men in F Company. "That's realism," Ander explained; "that sells books. Why did he have to use those names? Why couldn't he have used the name 'Charles Scribner' for one of those characters?" The visitor agreed that using the name "Charles Scribner" as a GI of the peacetime army at Schofield would indeed have been a blow against realism.

The jury evidently didn't have the heart to fight this literary school. They knew, for Horace Manges had told them, that "The eyes of the book world are upon you." That threat in itself is enough to assure an early verdict from a civilized man

who wants to go home again to hearth and sanity. The jury voted 10-2 in favor of the defense, and Maggio is back at the post office. It is just as well, because he would only have put that half-million into stocks for turning sea water into gold, and Ted Orlowski, no doubt, would have taken his cut to leave his truck-driving job and the Teamsters and set himself up as a transportation-relations consultant.

Order has been restored, and we can now pray that this quelled insurrection against literary realism doesn't spread below the Mason-Dixon line. I have it on the best authority that a visitor to Oxford, Mississippi, was asked if he wanted to meet Temple Drake. If she and the Snopeses get wind of this thing, they'll have William Faulkner in court so long he won't have time to write.

NO TIME to LISTEN . . . by Kay Boyle

Frankford, Delaware
MR. SAMUEL DODSON is the kind of man who might give you a lot of trouble if you didn't make things clear to him from the start. Unless I can make him understand about the responsibilities of a writer, he's going to keep right on interfering with my work, and I'm too busy to have interruptions. Working late at night every night of the week is wearing enough in itself without Mr. Samuel Dodson coming up the stairs into my room at any hour of the night or day and simply standing there.

The trouble is, Mr. Dodson has been around too much and seen too many other ways of living. I knew it at once when I had lunch with him in the school cafeteria that day. He's taken courses at integrated universities, and he's learned from first-hand observation, he said, that many white persons are intellectually dull, and he's learned in scientific studies that racial superiority is a white

man's myth. He's sat down in theatres and restaurants in other states just like any other American, and he's traveled in Canada where people looked on him not as a Negro but as a cultivated, self-respecting man. He happens to be tall and distinguished-looking, with a light tan skin, and there's an air about him that might mark him for a minister. But the fervor of belief has turned to bitterness in him. You can tell this as soon as he begins to speak. He's been working-principal of the Negro elementary school in Frankford for sixteen years, and he ought to be used to things by this time. But instead he's filled with grief and acrimony. He says when he drives down from Canada and finally crosses the Delaware Memorial Bridge, it's not only the temperature that alters, but socially and psychologically it's as if he walked out of an air-conditioned room on the hottest day of summer onto the burning sidewalks of the South.

In the first place, Frankford, Delaware, doesn't mean anything at all to me. I came here for the first time

ten days ago. It's a place you can hardly see on the map, down state in Sussex County, with parched cornfields and chicken-farms spread all around the town. The residential district is made up largely of frame houses, and the homes of the white people are white—some of them Georgian, with tall pillars soaring, unblemished, on either side of the front doors—while the Negro homes are weathered and gray. But the Negro elementary school is a modern building, set a little way out of the town where it won't bother anyone at all. There's a big playground at the back of it, and the desks and chairs and tables look new, and the floors are bright, and the whole place is as clean as wax. In the town of Easton, dynamite was found outside a Negro's home on September 13, after the opening of school, but that's over the state line in Maryland and has nothing to do with Frankford, Delaware. There hasn't been any trouble like that in Frankford because the schools haven't integrated here. But Mr. Dodson has lost his perspective on the situation.

KAY BOYLE's most recent novel is *The Seagull on The Steps*.

November 16, 1957

He says that the lines of communications are closed like a fist. The white and the Negro school boards are separate, he says, and the teachers' institutes are separate, and the Parent-Teacher organizations, and all recreational and amusement activities, and all parades. The town council has no Negro representation, he tells you, and he makes it seem as perilous as if he were a captain seeking to bring a foundering ship to port in darkness through a wild sea.

Perhaps if I told Mr. Dodson about the book I'm writing he'd stop getting in the way of the sentences I want to get set down. I'm writing a novel about Germany, and it has a certain importance because I hope it will make people understand about the things that have always happened there, and that are still happening now. I'm writing about the German school system, for instance, where the sons of workingmen are written off, and higher education is reserved for the sons of the socially elite. This is a fairer procedure, they will tell you, for then students without an adequate social background are spared the embarrassment of finding themselves out of their *milieu*. I'm bringing into the book the conspiracy of the German medical profession to keep the simplest kind of medical knowledge from the man in the street so as to safeguard the prestige and the tradition of the man with a degree. I want Americans to know what kind of injustices and inequalities are condoned by custom in other countries, but when Mr. Dodson comes into my room and stands there by my typewriter, I can't think of anything except the things he said to me at lunch that day.

He kept talking about communication as though that was the only thing that mattered in life—inter-racial communication and even communication between man and man. He was going down to a migrant labor camp next day to talk with people; but what language is there to speak, he asked, if there is no word of hope to give men and women who live in abandoned chicken-houses, or even above and adjacent to the chickens, and who have no destination beyond the ending of



each day? They have only kerosene lamps, or low-voltage electric lights, he said, to penetrate the darkness, and no designated part to play in either the Negro or the white community. He said that the required mile distance from home to elementary school which entitles a child to bus transportation seems to be differently applied at times for Negro children, or else the distance must, at times, be measured differently. "The punishment involved in waiting along the highway for the often uncertain arrival of the bus, the trudging to and from the bus-stop in rain, hail or snow," he said, "is one of the causes of children giving up school in discouragement. And then they start helping their parents on the land, and that's the end of potential individuals, potential citizens," he said, sitting there larger than life in the school cafeteria, forgetting to eat the potato salad and the canned peaches on his plate that day. "But, damn it, a mile isn't far, Mr. Dodson!" you might want to cry out, but then he'd answer: "It's far when you're six or seven years old, it's far at the wrong time of year. And it's farther than ever when you've missed the bus, and started to walk, and a bus carrying white children who live only a couple of blocks away from you passes you by. That makes the difference farther than any living child should

have to walk, no matter how long he lives," he said.

I tell you I can't do anything about it, Mr. Dodson. I haven't got the time. Today I'm supposed to be correcting proof on my novelette about Spain which is going to be published in the spring, and it's essential that it be printed so that people who haven't been there will know. In this story I tell of the labyrinth of caves that the outcasts of the civil war in Spain have excavated in the clay soil surrounding the city of Madrid. Fifty thousand or more, when I was there, living like prairie-dogs underground in the clay. There, children are sleeping on beds of rags while their fathers are on the run, twenty years later still in-and-out of political prisons and on the run, and their wives and their children living—if you call it that—and rotting and dying there. It's the contrasts that are so flagrant in Spain that I want to make clear to Mr. Dodson. There are women so elegantly dressed, so handsomely jeweled, that you stop and look in wonder; and then, just beyond the reach of their gloved hands, those others who sell their ration cards to buy a shirt, and who live on refuse and market pilfering. That's the kind of thing I'm trying to say.

I haven't the time to listen to Mr. Dodson saying that when he stands up in assembly every morning, the words stick in his throat, and he can't get them out. "These children here haven't been given any part to play in life," he said that day. "They're born, and they accept the years of school the law has sentenced them to, and they feel they're doing time until the doors of their teenage years open and let them go free. All they want in the end is a little cash to jingle in their pockets, and maybe a hot rod, if they can hope that high. That's the fulfillment of their lives. There isn't anything beyond that for them, and I can't tell them any differently."

There must be a way of making Mr. Dodson understand that I have my own work to get on with and I can't listen to him. There must be some way of keeping him from crossing the Memorial Bridge and getting out of Delaware.

FALL BOOK SECTION

Weekend with Ezra Pound

David Rattray

IT WAS raining in Washington when I arrived, and the dull red buildings of St. Elizabeth's seemed particularly discouraging. After checking in at the main office, I climbed the spiral stairs, all steel and dirty enamel, chipped and peeling walls, to the heavy black door of Ezra Pound's ward, and rang the bell. I could hear radio music inside.

A Negro attendant with a great jingling ring of keys let me in. Half a dozen patients gathered round a TV set next to the door. The hall was very wide and dark as a subway station. There were benches on either side, and patients were sitting or lying on them. Doors opened on rooms for two or three, and there were several alcoves where rooms might have been, with tables for games, and chairs. Pound and his wife, with a young novelist named Jean Marie Châtel, and a painter, Miss Martinelli, were sitting in one of these alcoves when I arrived.

Pound sprang up from the canvas lawn-chair and shook my hand. "You're Rattray? How fortunate you got here at this moment—John here was just beginning to be tiresome, and so now," and he laid his hand on the chair in which Châtel was still sitting, next to his own, "he will sit over there, and you may sit here." Châtel, looking a little embarrassed, took a seat in the corner on the other side of the round game table. Pound picked up his overcoat from the arm of my chair and flung it across the table after him.

He sat back down, in a reclining position with his legs crossed, eyes half closed, looking exactly as he did in the Wyndham Lewis portrait made many years ago. His hair is now white all over and he is getting bald.

DAVID RATTRAY, pianist and poet, graduated from Dartmouth in 1957. He is now a Fulbright Scholar in France.

November 16, 1957

He was dressed in tan shorts too big for him, tennis shoes and a loose plaid shirt. His face looks weathered, like that of a man who has worked outdoors all his life. His heavy-wristed hands are coarse and calloused, but the fingernails neatly cut short and square. I was surprised by the appearance of his arms and legs. There was no sign of that flabbiness that comes even to some of the strongest men in their forties and fifties. The Greeks spoke of "old age that unstrings men's knees," but as I watched Pound stride up and down, his knees strung taut, his calves bulging like an athlete's, I thought of some lines from Ramon Guthrie's poem, "E. P. in Paris and Elsewhere":

"This is not walking.
This is stalking, pacing
as done by jaguar or ounce
in Zagreus' days, tracing
the lay-out for the Labyrinth . . ."

Before we had a chance to talk about anything, Pound jumped up again: "You'll have tea, won't you?" I said that I would, and immediate-

ly he was everywhere at once, in a frenzy of activity, loading himself with jars of various sizes, tin boxes of sugar and tea, spoons and a saucer. I stood up in embarrassment, not knowing what I ought to do, but Mrs. Pound beckoned me from her corner: "Let's sit here and talk while he makes the tea." She was sitting behind a ramshackle old upright piano, so as not to see the people in the hall or be seen by them. Miss Martinelli was making sketches for a portrait of her.

Suddenly Pound was standing before me, holding out a peanut butter jar filled with hot tea. When we got settled again, he glared up at me and said, "Well, what specific questions have you? Or did you just come to talk? I'd just as soon talk."

So we talked quietly. Pound took a sip of his tea and sat back with his eyes closed. I sipped nervously at mine. Miss Martinelli went on sketching Mrs. Pound, the two seated next to the barred windows, in which the gray day peered uncertainly, through a tangle of wet vines laced over the trellis-work of the bars. It was dark in the alcove, but a bare electric bulb blazed from the high ceiling of the hall. Châtel, with his back to it, was reading, his face



The Tate Gallery; London

Ezra Pound. Portrait by Wyndham Lewis.

concealed from us by a huge newspaper, *Truth*. I hitched my chair over out of the light.

"D. P. has a beautiful face," said Miss Martinelli, "I think she has a beautiful profile, but it is so *difficult* . . . yes, of course, that's why. Maestro . . ."

"Yes Ma'am," said Pound, jerking around to sit on the edge of his chair.

"Will you look at this drawing?" Pound looked at it, squinting in the light, then said, "It's a likeness," and swung himself violently back into the reclining position.

I told him I was planning to spend a few weeks in Dalmatia.

"So you're going to the Damnation Coast? Don't know what the Hell you'll see there, do you?" I said that I had friends in Split and Dubrovnik. One of them was a painter, who wanted to show me the medieval frescoes.

"If I were you, then, I should get to the heart of the matter, and see them in Turkey. I hear they've done a lot of work there recently, restoring them where the Turks had painted 'em over." He told me about a Professor Pearson of Yale, who is an adviser on the selection of Square Dollar Books ("American textbooks for students who want first things first") and who is very interested in Byzantine frescoes. He jumped up and rushed to his room to type Pearson's address.

"You could make an appointment with him if you happen to be passing through there any time. He'd confirm what I told you about medieval Greek. Now there's something that's wide open, plenty there's not even published yet, not chewed and hashed. . . . Now you're talking to an old man that never learned his Greek properly, but you, you're lucky, to know it at the beginning of the game. But I know it well enough to recognize style when I see it, and Psellus' style, he's seventh or eighth century, Psellus in the *Chronographia*, he writes with the precision and economy of Flaubert or the Goncourts. And Psellus had enough perception to see 'em fall into just about the same categories they do today. He knows the difference between true credit and *creatio ex nihilo*. . . . So you're going to southern France

next year. Well, I've been trying to make some people wake up to a number of simple facts, and they'd better hurry up, if they don't want to wake up too late to *do* anything. Now if you want to *do* some really live historical research, something that hasn't been chewed over, look into Bertran, Bertran de Born I mean, '*Baros mettez en gatge* . . .' you know the one I mean, 'Barons, hock your castles.' You'll probably walk that country a lot, and see those castles, the ones he was talking about, the ones they *hocked*. Bertran knew a usurer when he saw one—they hocked 'em to go on crusade, you know. That would be some *useful* research, what you told your reader, your reader could put to use—the area still suffers from when they put their lands *en gatge*—you could find out for yourself, and tell your reader what happens when you hock your castles to the Jews."

MRS. POUND interrupted this tirade by telling about the walks they took together in southern France.

"We always used Toulouse as our base. Toulouse itself is a mediocre town, but one comes to grow fond of it, and the country all around is as beautiful and full of Provence as any place else in the South. I went with him on his last two walks. We had been married only a short time, and we went all over with rucksacks, and slept outdoors, but then the War interrupted all that."

"I don't suppose," said Pound, "that the old cupboard is still there, the one that was bulging with pornographic books. And old Pere—is dead. Now let me see who *is* still alive." Then he slowly unraveled the number of his acquaintances now living in France, who were interested in Provençal literature: Laubies, Vanderply, Pellizzi ('a civilized wop') and Brancusi ('probably gaga by now, if alive at all'), and told an anecdote about each.

"And you *could* go see old Aldington as to Greek or Provençal, but better not as from E. P.; you'd better just be the *jeune homme modeste*. He lives in Montpellier now, I believe."

Mrs. Pound repeated the list of poets and scholars back to him,

counting them off on her fingers, and he went to his room and typed their names and addresses for me.

When he came back, we sat for a while in silence. It was late afternoon. Miss Martinelli was perched like a bird at dusk, her feet planted on the rung of the wooden chair. She was still at work on her sketch. Looking at her, with her golden hair falling down around her thin shoulders, I thought of Pound's line,

In the gloom the gold gathers the light against it.

She was dressed in blue jeans and a checkered blouse. Her appearance suggested a frayed and faded survivor of the early bobby-sox days. She had huge eyes like a cat. They bulged in a flushed face that tapered down from an enormous forehead to a tiny chin and tinier double-chin. Her lips were tight and pale, but sometimes relaxed and parted into a naive smile. I assumed that she was a patient from another ward.

Pound jumped up and strode across the hall to his room, making a sign for me to follow him. He gave me one of the Square Dollar books, *Roman and Moslem Moneys* by Alexander Del Mar. The notice on the jacket informed me that Del Mar was among those "American writers who can hold their own, either as stylists or historians, against any foreign competition whatsoever," who are being printed by the Square Dollar Series. I was further impressed by the following paragraph on the opposite cover:

The sheer incompetence, triviality and worthlessness of our universities is nowhere more blatantly exposed than in their ignorance of Del Mar's writings, published from 1862 onwards in both London and the U.S. Had one not met some of the low-grade personnel of the faculties, one would be unable to attribute the historical blackout to anything save the great conspiracy which some fanatics claim to be at the root of it.

Pound's room was strewn with wadded papers, bits of envelopes, trampled books, pencils, lengths of string, cardboard files, trunks, old paint cans, jars filled with teabags or scraps of food. The walls were hung with paintings, some by Miss Martinelli. There was a dressing

table with a huge mirror which reflected the glow of sunset, and filled the room with it. The old man dove under the table looking for a couple of large tin paint cans. I noticed again how strong his bare legs looked. A person who saw him that afternoon might have had the impression, not of a poet who had lived ten years in the sordid prison described by MacLeish, but of an old-time seaman, aged but still spry from climbing the rigging every day, sitting at his ease in a coffee-house or tavern between voyages of exploration or privateering on the Spanish Main. He pulled out the tins and pried them open. They were filled with dough-

nuts and bread. He put some into a paper bag and tossed it to Miss Martinelli, who was standing at the door. Then he poked around under the bed until he found a box filled with boiled eggs and salami. This he handed to me to give to Châtel. It was marked *Books*, sent by Witter Bynner.

When we reached the big black door at the other end of the hall, near the TV set, Miss Martinelli saw a pair of singing comedians on the screen,

"Look at those fairies! Isn't it disgusting?"

Pound threw his arms around her, hugged her, and kissed her goodbye.

He turned and asked me to come the next day. The attendant unlocked the door while we made our farewells. I was a little surprised to see that Châtel and Miss Martinelli were only visitors.

Châtel put me up for the night on a couch. We had the food Pound had given him for supper, and talked about literature and politics for several hours. He told me that he and Miss Martinelli were supplied with almost all their food by Pound, who gets it from the hospital cafeteria. In our conversation he revealed himself as a fanatic disciple of the "Maestro"; he apes his every like and dislike, even imitates his ner-

Ezra Pound in Paris and Elsewhere

*the loneliness of death came upon me
at 3 P.M., for an instant*

E. Pound: Canto LXXXII

1.

They nudged "who's that?"
whenever in the street he,
fur-collared and no hat,
passed like a duke of Moscow
... in the old days ...
head aetherial
on neck and shoulders verging burly
and profiled like a surly
somewhat older Ariel
with a streak
of Viking in him
or pre-Attic Greek,
His striking
red-gold beard and mane
curried by gales.
Whiffing centaurs' trails,
Houyhnhnm,
his gait seemed stamped with the device:
"This is not walking
This is stalking, pacing
as done by jaguar or ounce
in Zagreus' days, tracing
the lay-out for the Labyrinth ...
Cowflops" (here
a flash too golden for a sneer)
"plotted Boston."
The brow bull-willed
jutting as if embossed on
Assyrian plinth
where Tiglath killed.

2.

Zagreus, they
are no maenads, who gnaw thy bones to-day.
No pipes or cymbals whip a frenzy cold
as a dead snake's eye.
Orpheus, make no mistake

These cryptogamic bald
neuters are no bacchantes. When
these busy-body scarabs have sucked their glut,
no hell would take you in.
The frowsy slut
you would have breathed
—forsooth—a soul into
has got
her teeth snagged in your jugular.
What Furies it was your delight to hatch
are now superfluous.
What perversities you cultivated
could never match
those pitted now against you.
Against such gloating odds
as these,
there *are* no gods,
sere Herakles.

3.

And yet ...
and yet ...
'So few drink of my fountain'
(although the *best* did
and came away changed men).
Admittedly
his true Penelope was neither Hetty Green
nor even Old Nokomis ... Howlers in
eleven languages ... And yet ...
and yet ...

Ecbatan to Pisa and thereafter,
il miglior fabbro ...
Nothing that he ever did
or any else has done
has changed that ...
il miglior fabbro
del parlar materno.

RAMON GUTHRIE

November 16, 1957

vous tics and manner of speaking, and way of jumping up and stalking around. Next morning his father invited us to lunch.

Châtel's father, now a modest insurance man, was before the war a *colon* in Algeria; then joined the Free French and emigrated after the war. While we were at lunch, Châtel showed his father the copy of *Truth* which Pound had lent him, and which was filled with financiers, munitions manufacturers, a McFadden speech of 1932, and a "recently uncovered" Rothschild letter of 1862, "when America was sold to the Jews." M. Châtel read page after page, murmuring "*Très intéressant, très intéressant. . .*"

While we were on the way from his father's to St. Elizabeth's, I asked my young companion if there might be some connection between the Kasper of Kasper & Horton Square Dollar Books, and the Kasper of Clinton, Tennessee. He laughed loudly and slapped his gloved hand on the steering wheel: "Ah! at last, the Great Dawning . . . why yes, of course, they're one and the same."

Kasper had recently opened a bookshop in Georgetown, D.C., organized the Seaboard White Citizens' Council and affiliated it to similar councils in the Deep South.

The group aimed to end "integration" in Washington, put the NAACP on the Attorney General's "subversive list" and abolish "rock-and-roll." Membership was open to anyone 18 and white, who "believes in the divinity of Jesus Christ." Jews were not allowed. *The New York Times* quotes from a pamphlet sent out by the Council. It condemns "pink punks . . . freaks, golf players, poodle dogs, hot-eyed Socialists, Fabians, scum, mold on top of the omelette . . . liars for hire, the press gang, degenerate liberals crying for the petrefaction of putrefaction."

The phrase "petrefaction of putrefaction" had rung a familiar note, and I must have suspected what Châtel's answer would be, but it wasn't till then that my mind began to work, and the passage quoted above came to me, together with Cantos XIV and XV, Pound's Inferno, and the following phrases from them:

n and the press gang
And those who had lied for hire . . .
. . . a circle of lady golfers . . .
and the fabians crying for the petrefaction of putrefaction . . .

I mentioned this to Châtel. The sun had just broken through the clouds and was kindling a fire in his stiff brown bush of hair, lighting up his pale unshaven face, marred by pimples and a huge insect bite on the forehead, while his coarse features labored with excitement.

"Of course, of course," he said with a wave of his hand, and stepped on the gas. "And you know what else was in that proclamation . . . no, you could never guess, because the book he took it from was burned up by order of the International Jews after the war, every copy they could lay hands on. The important part, where he sets forth the economic program, is straight from Feder . . . Gottfried Feder, do you know who he was?"

I indicated by a smiling nod and a properly righteous shudder that I did.

"Feder's book on the Nazi Economics. That's the important thing, the Negro business is just a front, he knows it's the only way he can get the Southern farmers to vote for him, but *then*, when he gets the power (and they've already won here and there, Charlottesville is one place) then, he can get to work on the economic program."

I WONDERED, as we turned up the road to St. Elizabeth's, if Pound might not have turned out that "Seaboard" pamphlet, and had a hand in *Truth* as well. As it happened, I came away convinced of it, having met the Maestro in an Economic Mood that afternoon, and also made the acquaintance of Mr. Horton of Kasper & Horton.

When Châtel and I arrived, Mrs. Pound was already sitting in her corner. Pound said:

"Glad you could come again. Hell of a lot better company than what he brought with him yesterday, I'm sure. Sit down and I'll make you some tea."

Mrs. Pound explained that an uninvited caller had made his way into the ward with Châtel, having

given him to understand that he was invited by Pound and authorized by the hospital. I asked who he was.

"He is a journalist and we don't like him. In fact, E. P. has a violent aversion to him, and so we got the attendant and had the man ejected."

I started to question Pound about Provençal music, and he said he had heard that more than 250 tunes survive, but he didn't know where they were published.

"OH YES, it seems to me that one of those old fellows, the ones I told you about yesterday—could it have been Pellizzi?—one of them told me something about a facsimile edition being printed in Barcelona. Of course you know that most of those old manuscripts are just *motz* without *sons*. I've seen 'em with the staves carefully drawn on, but no *sons*, just the verses underneath, an entirely understandable bit of laziness: the fellow knew how it went, a perfectly simple tune, why waste time writing it all out? And as you know, transcribing those songs from the original to the modern notation is a job for a musicologist. Maybe that's why so few have been published. But you know, that old notation, it's just a kind of musical shorthand, an aid to memory, to be used only by someone who had already heard the tune at least once."

I told him about the record of Provençal songs made by Yves Tessier, who in addition to being a musicologist was an excellent singer. He waved his hand impatiently.

"Don't expect Grandpa to know anything about Provençal after 1920. That's all after my time. You have my *Spirit of Romance*? You do? All right, I cover all that in there."

I had noticed several times before Pound's unwillingness to be told anything that he hadn't already found out for himself; and yet, he declares that he never reads anything unless it's going to teach him something.

"At my age I can't waste the time. I read for information. I am not on the examination board to determine whether a young fellow's past the sophomore level in writing, or whether he should graduate with senior honors. I used to do it when I was

The NATION

young, but now I leave it to the young men . . . But speaking of notation as an aid to memory, that's the way I did my opera *Villon*. I have the only copy in existence over there in my room. BBC put it on in 1932 and they had some copies, but lost them. Too bad they didn't make a record of it, because I wrote out the *motz el sons* just the way the old troubadours did, just as an aid to memory. I used the modern notation in the old simple shorthand way, and I can read it, but nobody else can without hearing it first—I could hum it or whistle it to 'em. I don't have much of a voice to carry a tune, singing, but whistling or humming, I could make it clear to the musicians. They wanted to do it again, and get the tunes from me here, with a tape recorder. No, that wouldn't be any good, I'd have to rehearse it with 'em the way I did before. Imagine, recording engineers, singers, all swarming around in *here*—it would be a madhouse. . . .”

His eyes were shining with good humor, and we laughed.

“No, that's one project'll have to wait till I get out of pokey. I guess I'll have some more tea; how about you?”

MISS MARTINELLI appeared just as Pound was gathering up the jars and tins for tea-making. She was wrapped in a heavy wool overcoat and a long winding scarf, and was flushed and winded. Pound embraced her and ran his hands through her hair, and they talked excitedly, each interrupting the other. I turned and talked with Mrs. Pound. Miss Martinelli sat down in her chair and piled her things on the floor, announcing to us that she had been working since five o'clock that morning.

“At this time last Sunday,” said Mrs. Pound, “he was making a record of his own readings. An old friend of his from BBC, a man we knew we could trust, brought one of those tape machines. He's never consented to have a record of his reading hawked in the market place, turned out by one of the great American nonsense factories. But he's known this man for years, and we know he's honest.”

November 16, 1957

“What did you read?” I asked him.

“Well, it wasn't anything really serious. I just wanted to get something on record. I conceived the whole thing more or less as a ribbing for Eliot. Eliot is like that old mule, you light a fire under his tail to get him started, and he goes forward just far enough to burn up the wagon. That's neither here nor there. Anyway I read *l'Homme Moyen Sensuel* (first time I'd looked at the damned thing for years), the *Usura* Canto, one of the John Adams, a couple of the Alfred Venison poems, and the preface I did for her book.”

He made a gesture toward Miss Martinelli.

“I just wanted to give the old boy a jolt, some time when he's settling down for a nice cozy evening, if he turns on the Third Programme and hears E. P. reading Alfred Venison—I chose the ones he likes the least . . . As for her preface, I wanted to give her a boost. She's one of the few American painters of any promise, that I know of. The Esperia people in Milano did a book, in color, of her paintings last year, and I wrote the preface.”

A DARK hulking man, dressed in a black overcoat, appeared.

“Hello, Dave,” said Pound. It was Mr. Horton.

In the gloom of the alcove his wavy hair and clothing were black, but Horton's face shone white, soft and slippery, as if crudely modeled in soap. I grasped his huge, soft hand. His eyes narrowing suspiciously, he smiled, parting lubber lips to reveal a pair of fang-like eyeteeth.

He sat down on the piano stool, opposite Pound and me, and produced a letter from his coat pocket.

“It seems that Wang has lost an important address book.* He's been staying at the Dartmouth Club in

*David R. Wang, a member of the Dartmouth class of 1955, is distinguished as being the only Chinese poet of record who devotes himself to the cause of white supremacy. Since graduation, *The Dartmouth* reports, Wang has been touring the Ivy League colleges with the purpose of setting up White Citizens' councils on the campuses. He has characterized Secretary of State Dulles as a “wishy-washy Socialist.”

The New Cambridge Modern History

The original Cambridge Modern History, planned by Lord Acton, has for half a century been accepted around the world as the standard authority. Now, Cambridge University Press announces The New Cambridge Modern History, entirely re-written in the light of new knowledge and new methods, covering the years 1493 to 1945. Each of the 14 volumes of this brilliant work is a complete and rounded portrait of a period—its political, economic, social, cultural and religious life. See the first two volumes at your bookstore now.

I. The Renaissance

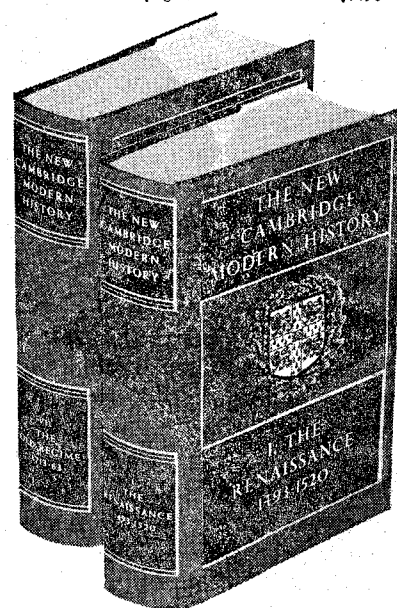
1493-1520 • Edited by G. R. Potter

This exciting era finds Europe emerging from the Middle Ages, about to burst the bounds of a crowded continent and establish colonies and trade in the New World. It is a tremendously vital period whose very name is synonymous with the glorious artistic and intellectual movements it produced.
568 pages, buckram-bound \$7.50

VII. The Old Regime

1713-63 • Edited by J. O. Lindsay

During these significant years, the culture of Europe took on its specifically 18th-century forms and ideals. It is particularly marked by the rise of Prussia and Russia, the development of the American colonies, and the rivalry of France and England.
645 pages, buckram-bound \$7.50



CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY PRESS
32 East 57th St., New York 22

N.Y., and says there's a Jew been hanging around his room, hasn't been able to get rid of him. Says he suspects him of stealing the address book. Here, he says, '... contains names of all our nationalist friends and those working for our cause...' What the Hell do you think he's done with it? He enclosed this example of the Jew's handwriting."

He handed Pound a creased slip of paper with the following words crudely penciled in a large hand: "The home of the Jews is Israel."

Pound held it up to the light. "So this is a specimen of the Hebe's calligraphy. Strange thing for him to be writing."

"And the funny thing," continued Horton, "is that it looked exactly like Kasper's hand to me."

At this comment, I had to hold my mouth just right to keep from laughing.

I had known Wang fairly well while he was at college, and besides finding him personally repellent, I had concluded that he didn't amount to much, as a poet, or anything else. He has become a legend on campus, an object of ridicule for both teachers and students. But I'd never suspected *how* stupid and conceited he was till Pound showed me a letter Wang had written him.

"Remarkably sensitive to the language for a young Chink," said Pound, looking at me sharply and grinning, as he handed me the letter.

I wondered as I read if Pound really meant it, or was just baiting me. In it Wang referred to himself in the third person, as "Hsin"—his Chinese given name for all I know; it means "Heart-mind." His letter was filled with phrases such as "the Cause which alone keeps body and soul together, in this horrible city where all stinks of Jewry." The last sentence was "P.S. Hsin has learned, from a reliable source, that *Hudson* has been selling E. P.'s typescripts to the Jews."

"HOW ridiculous," said Mrs. Pound. "What difference would it make if they were, because at least they're publishing them."

"I don't think they would," said Pound, "I know the editor and he's honest. I think *Hudson* is honest.

Now that's the kind of monkeyshine I wouldn't put past Laughlin, you know, Laughlin of 'No Directions'."

"There are very powerful elements opposed to the publication of the Cantos, you know," said Châtel.

"It was 'No Directions' that suppressed that passage about the Rothschilds in the Pisan Cantos," said Pound. "They wanted to leave the whole thing out without any indication of the omission, and I said, 'Black lines or nothing' and so in went the black lines, so all my readers could see the censorship. I guess they were afraid of losing the support of the New York banks, if they published the truth about international finance."

"And so," said Miss Martinelli, "Grandpa's got to do it with suicide troops. Like Kasper. Kasper is your suicide troops. I have a strange feeling about him. I have a feeling that he is going to die very soon. And Horton is our coming President."

Horton laughed, "No, no, don't say that. That's looking too far ahead."

"But has one of my prophecies ever failed?" said Miss Martinelli. "You know perfectly well that every one of them has come true. Grandpa says I know intuitively what it takes a great genius years of study to learn."

DURING the rest of the afternoon Pound and Horton discussed their mutual political acquaintances. Pound was continually shuffling in his recent mail, and pulling out letters and pamphlets which he would hand to Horton. Horton tried to keep up with these, pursing his lips and murmuring as he scanned each one, before Pound thrust another at him.

I noticed two Negroes sitting at a game table in a similar alcove just across the hall, both of them dressed in rumpled baggy suits and wearing pushed-in felt hats. They were playing checkers, but each seemed oblivious of the other. Once they pushed the checker board aside and talked loudly a minute in some unintelligible dialect. Then hitching their chairs over, they faced the checker board again. After a long pause, one of them carefully reached

out both hands and moved two pieces at once. In a moment both men were moving pieces at random all over the board. When they stopped, one of the Negroes shuffled over to our alcove and stood in front of Pound, staring out the window, and extending an upturned palm. Without hesitation Pound reached into the pockets of his outsized drawers and fished up a handful of small change. With an abstracted air he selected a dime and a nickel and dropped them into the pink palm, then turned back to the stack of papers in his lap. The Negro stood there a moment, then turned without a word or even a glance at Pound, and stuffing the coins into his coat pocket, he went back across the hall. No one else had paid any attention to this little scene.

POUND pulled out a proofsheets of his biography which will appear in the next *Who's Who*, in which he pointed to a sentence vindicating his war-time actions.

"I had a Hell of a time with 'em over that, and told 'em they couldn't print the thing without that sentence, so they put it in."

It was time to leave, and Pound embraced Miss Martinelli as on the day before. As we went down the stairs, she said, "Grandpa loves me. It's because I symbolize the spirit of Love to him, I guess."

"It's true," said Châtel, "He wrote a whole passage in the 'Rock-Drill' about her."

I didn't have a chance to find out where that passage was.

We stood talking in front of Horton's shabby black car. A middle-aged Jewish couple walked down a nearby path, both of them extremely short and fat.

"Just look at those twin spheres!" said Miss Martinelli, giggling delightedly, "Isn't it too disgusting for words!"

Horton pulled a portrait of himself from the back seat of his car. He said his wife had done it, and it was just about her first painting.

"Oh, what a wonderful job for an amateur," said Miss Martinelli, "I can hardly believe it. Just think of it, her first painting."

I have seen portraits of great

The NATION

down in early childhood, how humiliating for his self-esteem! When Wordsworth said that the child is father of the man, he meant it as a compliment to man. But when Freud unearthed the details of the child's emotional life, the picture was not nearly so flattering — especially as Freud taught that the child still lives on in the mind of man.

This theory has been especially upsetting for those who hold religious convictions. For Freud taught that religious convictions are childhood wishes writ large. The omnipotent Father of monotheism is the product of the unconscious desire for a substitute for the omnipotent protecting father of childhood. In fairness to Freud, it must be pointed out that in *The Future of an Illusion* (1927), he was careful to say that "An illusion is not the same as an error, it is indeed not necessarily an error. . . . We call a belief an illusion when wish-fulfillment is a prominent factor in its motivation." Freud cannot, therefore, as Dr. Jones stresses, be convicted of the logical fallacy of thinking that if a cause can be found for a belief, it follows that the belief is erroneous. He distinguished between the grounds of a belief and its causes; however, in the case of religious beliefs he thought that the grounds were very poor. He therefore regarded religion as a collective neurosis which, he hoped, men might eventually be able to discard. He faced life as he faced death — with realism.

IT IS, then, correct to regard Freud as an enemy of religion. Indeed his Jewish friends were most anxious that he should not publish *Moses and Monotheism* (1938), in which he maintained that Moses was an Egyptian monotheist who converted the Jews.

All the same, it is quite wrong to regard him as an enemy of morality. But in this field, more than in any other, his ideas have percolated through to the public consciousness in a manner which has distorted them and turned them into disquieting half-truths. A girl in a reform school, for instance, says to the probation officer: "It's no good doing

November 16, 1957

Important new
DOUBLEDAY books...
to read... to own... to give

Rexford G. Tugwell
THE DEMOCRATIC ROOSEVELT



A major biography of Franklin Delano Roosevelt by the distinguished political scientist who worked at his side in the days of the "Brains Trust." "A significant contribution . . . contains many fresh interpretations of the President's motivations . . . adds new material on many important phases of the New Deal." — WALTER JOHNSON, *N. Y. Times Book Review* \$8.50

Richard Wright
WHITE MAN, LISTEN!

The author of *Native Son* and *Black Boy* gives his interpretations of what is happening today to the "non-white" peoples of the world. "No one conscious of the plight of the people of the underdeveloped areas of the world will read this plea unsympathetically." — *N. Y. Times Book Review* "Mr. Wright has the insight of a novelist and poet, so he is not satisfied with the usual sort of comment on race relations." — *Christian Science Monitor*. \$3.00

The Charles M. Russell Book



by Harold McCracken, author of *Frederic Remington* and *Portrait of the Old West*. A magnificent picture collection and full, accurate biography of the famous and colorful "cowboy artist." 48 thrilling, full-color paintings, more than 180 black-and-white illustrations on fine paper, handsomely bound. 10 3/4 x 13 1/4. \$18.50 through January 1, thereafter \$23.50. Deluxe edition, \$28.00

Robert St. John
FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

The hectic, fiery adventures of the reporter whose stories from the Balkans at the start of World War II made him world famous. "Full of wonderful tales of treachery and intrigue and the butchery of revolution and war . . . crammed with good stories well told . . . colorful and exciting." — WILLIAM L. SHIRER, *N. Y. Times Book Review* \$3.95

Stewart H. Holbrook
DREAMERS of the AMERICAN DREAM



A vivid, exciting narrative of the visionaries who sought to create what they couldn't find in America, their accomplishments and failures. This is history at its finest, in the tradition of the author's previous best seller, *The Age of the Moguls*. *Mainstream of America Series* \$5.75

Raymond Aron
THE OPIUM of the INTELLECTUALS

France's leading journalist brilliantly and provocatively analyzes the modern world and the intellectual's place in it. He discusses, for example, the contradictions in the traditional division of Left and Right. \$4.50

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

DOUBLEDAY

anything for me, miss; you see, I come from a broken home." Mixed up kids pursue their erratic and erotic course through the gorgeous Eastman color of the new psycho-Westerns. And at some point the hero tells his sympathetic but bewildered girl-friend that it all goes back to the moment when he realized that he was all alone. Angry young men, who have not made the grade in the Welfare State, sit for hours disclaiming responsibility for their failure. Their parents, they say, ignored or pampered them. Their standards — or lack of them — are the product of their upbringing; for decency is merely the drab deposit of parental prohibitions. Small wonder that men take to crime. And if they do, who is to blame them? For crime is a form of disease. Criminals suffer from lack of social conditioning just as lethargic people may suffer from thyroid deficiency.

Such examples of a contemporary malaise could be multiplied indefinitely. Their common feature is a denial of responsibility coupled with a story about the *causes* of actions and standards. The dark recesses of childhood have provided many with the gift of an alibi. Sufferers from this sophisticated form of half-truth are "mixed up" about Freud as well as about a lot of other things.

THERE ARE, however, strands of Freud's teaching which have encouraged people to be mixed up in this way. Freud was a strong believer in what he called "psychic determinism." Now under the general concept of "determinism," in this context, at least three distinct beliefs are often confused: the belief that all actions have causes, the belief that actions can be sufficiently explained in terms of their causes, and the belief that actions are unavoidable. Freud certainly held the first belief. He wished to stress that things like lapses, slips and dreams, which were usually attributed to accident or given a physiological explanation, had in fact causes in the mind of the individual, his unconscious mind. Whether Freud also thought that actions — e.g. moving a pawn in a game of chess — as

well as lapses from action — e.g. a slip of the tongue, breaking a precious vase in a familiar room, forgetting a familiar name — could be sufficiently explained in terms of such causes (the second belief) would take too long to discuss. But he did speak of these causes as if they were mechanical pushes and pulls, as forces in the depths of the unconscious which impel a man, willy-nilly, to behave in a bizarre manner. He thus encouraged the third belief by conveying the impression that these causes were of an impelling kind. Man, as it were, was pictured as a prisoner of his past. What he tended to do was unavoidable.

This picture of the prison house has had a subtle effect on notions of responsibility. For one of the grounds which exonerate a man from responsibility is the plea that he is the victim of compulsion. The usual cases are those of gross physical compulsion as, for example, when a man is forced to do something at the point of the pistol. But talk of wishes and impulses in the depths of the unconscious suggested an *indefinite* extension of the con-

cept of acting under compulsion. Could not men *always* be acting under a different, but equally irresistible sort of compulsion?

As a matter of fact, they *sometimes* are. And this is what makes plausible the prisoner of the picture just cited so often conveyed by determinism. For example, a man under post-hypnotic suggestion will generally do, when he wakes, what the hypnotist told him to do in his trance. He cannot be dissuaded or side-tracked by rational arguments; indeed he will cook up all sorts of excuses for doing the most absurd things; he will truly act as if there were something in him which *compelled* him to act in this way. In such cases it is reasonable to say that a man is not responsible for what he does. This is a model case of unavoidability. And it so happens, in this case, that we also know the cause of the man's behavior.

But confusion enters when this case is taken as being in any way typical, when the suggestion is made that there is compulsion simply because we know a cause. For we recognize a case of compulsion be-

Nocturne of the Dead Adolescent

(from the Galician of Federico Garcia Lorca)

"Imos silandeiros orela do vado
pra ver o adolescente afogado."

Let us go softly to the bank of the ford
to see the drowned adolescent.

Let us go softly to the edge of the air,
before that river carries him to sea.

His soul was weeping, wounded and small
under the spices of pine and grass.

Plunging water fell from the moon
spreading lilies over the naked mountain.

Camellias of shadow were left by the wind
in the faded lamp of his sad mouth.

Come, blond boys of mountain and meadow,
to see the drowned adolescent!

Come, dark people of peak and valley,
before that river carries him to sea!

Carries him to the sea of white curtains
where the old oxen of the water come and go.

Ay, how the trees of the Sil were singing
against the green moon, like a tambourine!

Let us go, boys, come quickly with me,
for already that river is carrying him to sea!

NORMAN THOMAS DI GIOVANNI

cause the man behaves so oddly, not because we know a cause of his behavior. Very often, indeed, we speak of compulsives — people who have an obsession about washing their hands or hoarding things, for instance, when we know nothing of the causes of their behavior. Conversely, we often know causes of people's actions, but are not inclined because of it to describe their actions as compulsive. We describe actions as compulsive after applying a crude battery of tests to them, not after a bit of detective work on their causes. For instance if a man is really a kleptomaniac — and not just a middle-class thief — we have classified him as such because we have found that praise and blame, reward and punishment, rational argument, courses of Pelmanism and so on make no difference to the way his hands move when he gets loose in a jeweler's shop.

The confusion comes from the failure to distinguish causes in general from causes which have unavoidable effects. If a child lacks a mother's care or changes its mother at a certain stage in its development, it is claimed that it will later prove not just socially unreliable, but unavoidably so — incapable of forming any lasting attachments. All the usual devices for changing character will be useless. Such a person will indeed be a victim of his upbringing — or lack of it. The causes of his social deviation are truly extenuating circumstances. But the evidence even for this sort of case is far from conclusive, and psychologists have produced few other examples of compelling causes.

FREUD, as is well-known, developed a theory of character-traits in which he traced traits like orderliness, parsimony and petulance back to reactions to toilet training. But it has never been shown that such rather surprising causes of character always have unavoidable effects. Indeed a person's character consists largely of those traits which generations of parents and school teachers have found to be alterable. A boy is blamed for his laziness, cowardice, selfishness and dishonesty because it is known that the usual social

devices help to change his conduct. But his stupidity and lack of vitality receive different treatment; for it has been found that he cannot help such things and the usual social devices make little difference. The production of causes for traits is largely irrelevant to the issue of responsibility unless the causes produced are of the special sort which lead to unavoidable effects.

Freud, unfortunately, spoke of causes in terms of forces, drives, impulses and other such quasi-compulsive concepts. The result was that his causal speculations creaked with compulsion like the cog-wheels in a clock. But it is my conviction that the last thing which he intended was to provide, by his discoveries, a blank check written on the bank of extenuating circumstances. In his practical work as an analyst he assumed that some people could be cured, that character was not unalterable. But, in his view, the individual had to do most of the work. And a necessary condition of such a change was that the individual should come to understand the causes of his conduct. A knowledge of causes, far from providing a sort of universal alibi, was necessary for increased self-control and self-direction. Freud's aim as an analyst was to get people to stand on their own feet and to take more responsibility for their own lives, not to escape it on pretexts dug out of their childhood reminiscences. As Dr. Jones puts it at the end of his chapter assessing Freud's influence on various fields of research:

Amid the turmoil of conflicting ideas in which we live . . . there seems to be one proposition commanding nearly universal assent. *The control man has secured over nature has far outrun his control over himself.* . . . Man's chief enemy is his own unruly nature and the dark forces pent up within him. If our race is lucky enough to survive for another thousand years the name of Sigmund Freud will be remembered as that of the man who first ascertained the origin and nature of these forces, and pointed the way to achieving some measure of control over them.

JUST AS FREUD'S speculations have encouraged half-truths about

DICTIONARY OF PHILOSOPHY

By JACOBERT D. RUNES

From Abailard to Zwingliism you can now have the brilliant thinking and ideas of every great mind since the beginning of recorded time. A superb volume, interpreting all major concepts of vital thought. An all-embracing source of inspiration that is invaluable to the layman, teacher and student.

De Luxe Christmas Gift

\$6

PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY

Publishers

15 E. 40 St., Dept. A-107, N.Y. 16, N.Y.

Expedite shipment by prepayment

Order Your Books Through The Nation

A great sociological classic . . .

The POVERTY of HISTORICISM



by KARL R. POPPER

Can any mechanical wizard of a calculating machine or any human scientist predict the future course of history . . . using "laws", "patterns", "rhythms", "trends"? No, says the author, and proceeds to show why for strictly logical reasons.

At your bookstore or write to:

BEACON PRESS
Dept. N N BEACON HILL, Boston, Mass.

Send me:

☐ THE POVERTY OF HISTORICISM \$4.00

☐ Your new catalog

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

☐ Check ☐ Money Order enclosed

Sorry, no C.O.D.'s 25

NEW DIRECTIONS *fall books*

Fifteen by Three

R. V. Cassill, Herbert Gold, James B. Hall. ND Paperbook Original (68), Nov. \$1.35

The Sorrows of Priapus

Edward Dahlberg. Illustrated by Ben Shahn. Trade Edition, Nov., \$6.50

We'll to the Woods No More

Edouard Dujardin. Dec., \$3.00

Faust, Part I

Goethe. Translated by C. F. MacIntyre. ND Paperbook (70), \$1.15

New Directions 11

Giant ND Paperbook (72), \$1.55

When We Were Here Together

Kenneth Patchen. Oct., \$3.50

Color of Darkness

James Purdy. Nov., \$3.50

Poems 1906-1926

Rainer Marie Rilke. J. B. Leishman, translator. Dec., \$4.75

Letters to Vernon Watkins

Dylan Thomas. Dec., \$3.00

Under Milk Wood

Dylan Thomas. ND Paperbook (73). \$1.00

Orpheus Descending and Battle of Angels

Tennessee Williams. Dec., \$3.75

NEW DIRECTIONS

333 Sixth Avenue

New York 14

diminution of responsibility, so to a lesser extent have they encouraged skepticism about the standards and principles which men live by. Freud, it is believed, held that such standards are the product of childhood conditioning. They are either prohibitions that have become "introjected" or values taken from admired people that come to form part of the individual's "ego-ideal."

On the face of it there is nothing very surprising in this suggestion. Standards must be passed on somehow; they do not float from man to man like threads of gossamer. In *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego* (1920) and *The Ego and the Id* (1923). Freud postulated a mechanism. His theory that the nagging voice of conscience is the forbidding voice of the father seems but an elaboration of the obvious. At least it seems obvious if Freud was merely talking about traditions and customs. If he was also talking about *morality*, however, his theory seems far from obvious. For by "morality" as distinct from custom or tradition, we do not mean just doing the done thing, what our parents have told us. We mean conforming to standards which we have thought about before accepting them as our own. A reasoned decision not to smoke, because of its demonstrated effects, is quite different from an irrational objection to smoking, handed on from father to son.

FREUD's theory of conscience, which he called the "super-ego," seems to account for the stage when children feel irrational guilt about breaking rules that are externally imposed on them and whose validity they do not question. And, of course, in all of us, in varying degrees, our father's voice lives on. But a degree of independent moral judgment does develop to supplement this precipitate of parental prohibitions. If by moral standards we mean those that we adopt because we see the point of them rather than merely as a result of our childhood upbringing, then the causal speculations of Freud should not lead us to be skeptical about our standards. For, after all, the validity of a belief is unaf-

fectured by speculations about its causes. If there are good grounds for keeping promises, the wrongness of breaking them is quite unaffected by the knowledge that our guilt about breaking them may also have causes. Indeed it would be surprising if it had not. The point is whether, whatever our parents say, it is wrong to break promises. If there are, in general, good reasons for keeping promises, as there obviously are, and someone suggests that our duty to keep them was drummed in at our mother's knee, the appropriate answer is "So what?" or "How thoughtful of her."

Freud, I think, has been misunderstood because, in this sphere, he was concerned with freeing people from subservience to irrational and obsessive standards, ones for which no good reasons could be given. It is true that in his *Civilization and Its Discontents* (1929), he did picture the various rules of civilization as ways of repressing or sublimating into socially useful channels the sexual and aggressive instincts of man. But this did not mean he thought that there were no good reasons for such rules as well as causes of them.

Freud, as a matter of fact, though not too hopeful about the fate of civilization, was a passionate advocate of its achievements in science, art and justice. He dealt little with and was probably not very clear about the status of its ideals. He advocated "the psychological ideal — the primacy of the intelligence." He thought that he could help men toward this by introducing them to the dark forces within them. But he never worked out the precise relationship between this "education to reality" and morality. In my view there is a close connection between the humanism and the scientific outlook of a man like Freud; but he never worked out what the connection was. Indeed, in a letter to a friend he confessed that he could subscribe to the maxim that "what is moral is self-evident." "I believe," he said, "that in a sense of justice and consideration for others, in disliking making others suffer or taking advantage of them, I can measure myself with the best

The NATION

people I have known." People who say that moral principles are self-evident often mean that no further reasons can be given for them. But sometimes they may mean that the reasons for them are so obvious that they hardly need mentioning. I think that Freud fell into the latter category. In his *The Future of an Illusion*, he stated that there were such good reasons for behaving decently that it was a pity to rest morality on a religious basis. For, in his view, there were not such good reasons for belief in God, and if people got wise to this and thought also that decency depended on a belief in God, they would — mistakenly — throw morality overboard with their religion.

Freud, as Dr. Jones has so convincingly shown, believed above all things in intelligence and integrity. His aim in analysis was not to deprive people of standards but to

get them to choose their own, to substitute rational convictions for irrational promptings. The burden of his message was that a man who understands the causes of social evils and personal predicaments is in a position to *do* something about them. Understanding paves the way for action as well as for sympathy. He would have had little sympathy for those who, understanding such causes, merely look back in anger at their parents. Freud himself looked with anger on few people. He could, like most intellectuals, make disparaging and pessimistic observations about men in the mass; but he treated them with friendliness and respect as individuals. On being once accused of being neither black nor red, Fascist nor Socialist, Freud replied: "No, one should be flesh-colored." He was; and like other great humanists he treated others as such.

The University as Villain

Saul Bellow

ARE WRITERS greatly harmed by teaching in universities?

The first reply that comes to me is that a man may make a damn fool of himself anywhere.

But the question probably deserves more serious consideration. Any number of serious people have given it their best thought. Some believe it is harmful beyond measure, others that nothing can be nicer for both the writers and the universities. I was once told by Nelson Algren, "Some teach school; some would rather run a poker game." Poker is probably better, but not everyone can be so lucky. I am too stupid a poker player to make my living at cards.

Exactly twenty years ago I graduated from Northwestern University. Of those twenty years five or six have been given to teaching, the rest to writing, and I think I am able to weigh the arguments of either side with an equal hand.

In 1952, when I was teaching at

SAUL BELLOW is the author of *Dangling Man*, *The Victim*, *The Adventures of Augie March* and, most recently, *Seize the Day*.

November 16, 1957

Princeton, I met in New York a man I had known in Chicago in less happy times (for me) when he was connected with the University of Chicago, and I was connected with nothing. He had been one of Chancellor Hutchins' assistants; now he was near the summit of a huge advertising corporation in New York. We had always been fond of each other and we met with pleasure. He was dressed in such high style that I could hardly keep from touching his tweed. He had a fine red, conservative straight face and was smoking the biggest and shiningest pipe that Madison Avenue had to sell, so there was no need for me to ask how he was doing.

"But what are you up to these days?" he said.

"Well," I told him, "you'll find it hard to believe, but this year I am teaching at Princeton."

It had never occurred to him that I might be connected with anything so classy, and because of his respect for higher learning, probably absorbed from the chancellor, he was upset. So I was very sorry, and I said, "It's only temporary."

"What do your academic col-



THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MONTAIGNE

Essays, Travel Journal, Letters

NEWLY TRANSLATED BY
DONALD M. FRAME

De luxe edition, 1120 pp. \$12.50

FOSSILS AND PRESENCES

ALBERT GUÉRARD \$5.00

THE JACKSONIAN PERSUASION

Politics and Belief

MARVIN MEYERS \$5.00

SHAKESPEARE

From Richard II to Henry V

DEREK TRAVERSI \$4.25

Stanford University Press

How To Make Your Opinion Count By

GOING INTO POLITICS

A Guide for Citizens

By ROBERT E. MERRIAM
and RACHEL M. GOETZ

A beginner's guide to political action that shows what politics is like on the inside and how to take part. "This book glows with the excitement of politics... If you would learn how to be a continuous reformer without ever becoming a do-gooder, this is your book." — T. V. SMITH, Member, 76th Congress

"...a Baedeker of political responsibility." — PAUL DOUGLASS, Director, Center for Practical Politics, Rollins College

At your bookstore • Only \$2.50

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16

leagues think about this?" he said.

"Oh, it's probably a joke to them, but they still have most of the joint to themselves. What's the matter, Mack? Why does this bother you?"

"Well," he said, "Writers have always come out of the gutter. The gutter is their proper place."

I CAN'T think just now which of the one hundred Great Books of the Western World contains this historic idea. But perhaps the books were not to blame at all. And in justice to my friend I must make it clear that he was not upset because of the academic colleagues alone; he viewed the matter also from my side—a little. He seemed to feel that society was right to build universities to shelter men of learning and to pay them and protect them and keep them. It could not, however, do this for writers. It could not be friendly to them without softening and taming them and making them fat, checking their necessary vices, damaging their freedom and harmfully curbing their madness.

But I have seen full-blown lunatics in universities, too, and as for the vices, they may be found on the campus not less than on the Bowery. It seemed crazy to explain to the executive of a large corporation how powerfully pervasive life could be; and I didn't think it would be suitable to tell the chancellor's former assistant that his implied view of professors was not flattering. Were they fat, tame and lazy, or did they take no harm from the special protection of society? Were they too good for the gutter, or not good enough for it? How was it that a philosopher might live in the *tour d'ivoire* whereas a writer belonged out in the *marais de merde* by which Flaubert thought the tower to be surrounded?

Sharp questions. Too bad they didn't come to me then. But I like to continue old debates in my mind, and today I can tell Mack that the old tower ain't what it used to be. From its remoteness there now come things like rocket-launched satellites that loop over us, the writers, as we sit in our gutters playing poker.

I will certainly hear it argued that professors of physics and professors

of literature are altogether different and it must be conceded right away that the differences are great. For the professor of physics is Reinforced, as animal psychologists might put it, by a sense of being needed (by the Air Force and the Navy and Oak Ridge) whereas the professor of literature is likely to feel that the dull canal, all that remains of the once sweet Thames, is his only portion, and that he is foolishly watching the rats in the vegetation while he ponders the problem of Hamlet's uncle, unrelated to the gas tanks behind him and Sputnik overhead. Professors of Humanities often have a keen sense of their inferiority to the great mass of Americans. Is the real realer where the mass is thicker? So they seem to believe. Perhaps, too, it is their feeling that there is something shameful for grown men in sitting with a parcel of kids in a corner. Callicles in the *Gorgias* accuses Socrates of doing just that. To which Socrates replies that if you follow Philosophy you must give it what it calls for. It is true that in the English departments to which writers find their way there are sometimes to be found discouraged people who stand dully upon a brilliant plane, in charge of masterpieces but not themselves inspired, people who are to literature what Samuel Butler's clergymen were to religion. But belief does not end with the Reverend Pontifex, nor literature with Professor This-or-That. If the professor will not give it what it

Ignis Dominae

Whoever, by whatever strife or luck
struck it for me—this glint
from flint or stick—whatever
quick Prometheus or
jutmuzzled stone age physicist
persisted from smallboy urge to try and
see—to toast

and taste—I have it now, captive
in my adaptive kitchen

a witch's gift
swift to brew eye of newt or
toe of frog or tongue of beef
chief of all helps to woman
keeper of hearth—
still Vestal though not virgin.

DILYS LAING

calls for, somebody else will. And the writer, if he is a lively soul does not need to feel so depressed. If he knows his own mind and if the university thinks it can get along with him—well, why not?

He will very often find good conversation in university communities, and he may find a Whitehead or an Einstein as well worth writing about as saloon-keepers or big game hunters. Everything depends on the amount of energy he has the boldness to release, regardless of the restraints of his environment. Is he more likely to achieve this boldness in Greenwich Village; in the air; on the water; in "the literary life"; in the mines; on the assembly line?

If you, the writer, love rough company and need to knock around, why then, do as Walt Whitman did, go into the streets, ride up and down Broadway or go and dig clams. But under no circumstances should you select any of these things deliberately and do them for the sake of writing. *What* an idea! You must give the thing what it calls for. But there is no prescription to follow.

A MAN'S life from the standpoint of Experience—and it is a notion about Experience which is at the heart of the gutter position—is made up from varied and balanced Experiences of a specified sort. There are people who are intensely proud of having met the specifications and who have made very special efforts in the fields of sex, drunkenness, violence and even poverty. Not to have met these specifications can be, for them, a source of shame. The shame of never having been down and out! I have heard young fellows boast that they had been on the bum and that they have been run in for panhandling (not that there were no checks from home). I have even been envied my good luck in having grown up during the Depression.

Now I don't want to make jokes on serious matters, and it is serious when people feel that they must be able to demonstrate that reality has happened to them, certified and approved reality in the form of Experience. Have they met life, not fled it? That's fine. Very good. But Experience in this aspect is some-

thing resembling a merit badge; something like a commodity. Let us admit it, Experience with the capital E is something of a writer's commodity, and the reason for this, I think, is that modern fiction has taken it upon itself to show experience as ever-new and ever-valuable. The very form of fiction is that of experience itself. Everything is to be viewed as though for the first time. The representation of things is imperative, for the things of a modern man's life are important. They are important because man's career on this earth is held to be important. Literature has been committed to the assertion of this importance for a long time. Unquestioned value. But what is the source of the value?

For some time now the whole fictional enterprise has been running backwards. It is not importance which illuminates the facts. The facts as facts are assumed to be important. We bring forward characters, enumerate the facts and try to put it over on everyone that such numbering or naming is all that is necessary.

"He opened the door." Did he, now?

"She lit his cigarette." So what?

It is assumed that these declarations are important, or will seem so. But why? Documentation, observation, details of action, cannot by themselves give life, no matter how authentic or faithful to experience they may be. You can't construct a tree with twigs. You cannot give importance to events by the authority of Experience, merely.

THE LIFE of a civilized man is, increasingly, an internalized one, and towards this internalized life writers have been encouraged to take a gross and foolish attitude. They are the playboys of Experience. More Lord Byron? More Kipling? More *Noa Noa*? More Zola? These are very old-fashioned postures. It is ridiculous for writers to continue them.

Well, now, does it harm writers to teach in universities? I am not sure the question is a real one. It is to some extent a *postural* question. It assumes that by doing the right things we get the desired results. Those right things are conventional. Leave your home town; don't leave

Cortaron Tres Arboles

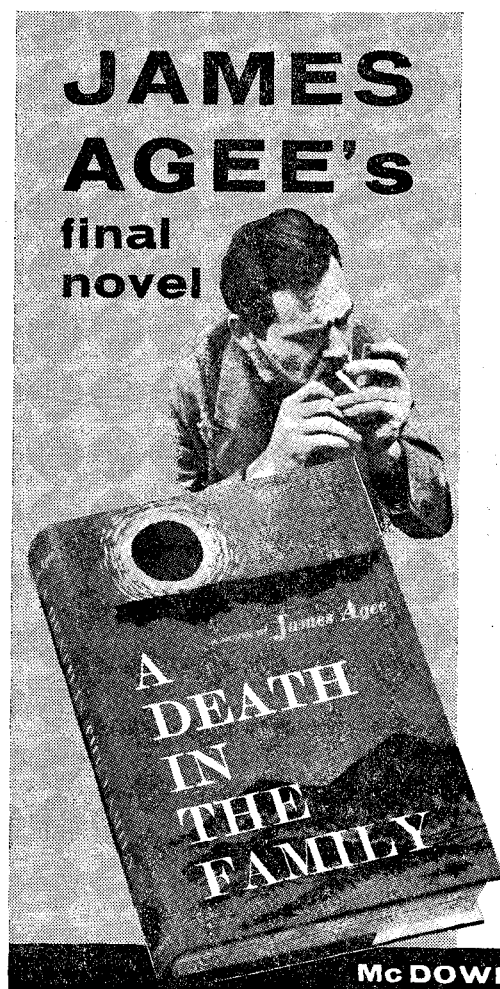
(from the Spanish of
Federico García Lorca)

There were three.
(The day came with its hatchets).
There were two.
(Wings traced with silver).
There was one.
There were none.
(I want to go naked, into the water).
PAUL BLACKBURN

your home town; don't write for the movies; travel; don't be a sissy; don't tie yourself down—and you will turn out fine. But the wind of the spirit is capricious. I have known men of foresight who avoided every trap of bourgeois life, some after the manner of Rimbaud, and some after the manner of Baudelaire; I have known faithful followers of Fitzgerald and Hemingway, and D. H. Lawrence-men, *semper fidelis*, grown old and wrinkled and red-nosed and cat-whiskered and bad-tempered. But that wind! It bloweth whither it listeth. And in the end a correct pos-

ture can give you nothing more than the satisfaction that comes of fidelity to good form.

It is not easy to find the right way. You must learn to govern yourself, you must learn autonomy, you must manage your freedom or drown in it. You may strain the will after Experience because you need it for your books. Or you may perish under the heavy weight of Culture. You may make a fool of yourself anywhere. You may find illumination anywhere—in the gutter, in the college, in the corporation, in a submarine, in the library. No one man holds a patent on it. No man knows what it is likely to tell him to do. For this reason universities and corporations may find the illuminable type unreliable from a *personnel* point of view. A writer may do better in the anxiety of the gutter; he may do better in the heavy security of the college. Despite the purity of your posture he may do well. It's up to the spirit, altogether, and the spirit prints no timetable.



"There's nothing quite like the excitement of coming upon a book and suddenly having it explode at you and fill you with wonder. Such a book is *A Death in the Family*. . . . James Agee . . . has captured (as has not been done for a long time) life and love and death as they impinge upon the world of a child and as they are seen through the eyes of a child."

—LILLIAN H. FRIEDMAN,
Saturday Review

"A most moving book indeed.

. . . The strange refraction of tragedy in the clear glass of a child's mind is superbly and sensitively caught."—CLIFTON FADIMAN

"It took a true poet to tell without tremolo and without nudges of the heart the ways of a child. It took as true a poet as we ever had, the late James Agee."

—DOROTHY PARKER

\$3.95

At all bookstores



McDOWELL, OBOLSKY INC.

November 16, 1957

Mushrooms, Russia and the Wassons

Edmund Wilson

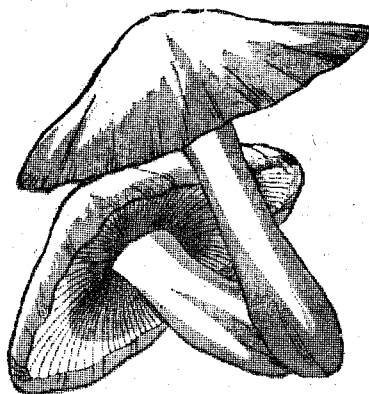
MUSHROOMS, RUSSIA, and HISTORY, by Valentina Pavlovna Wasson and R. Gordon Wasson (Pantheon Books) is a somewhat difficult book to review. Mr. Wasson is a Morgan partner and Mrs. Wasson is a pediatrician. They have no training as writers or scientists, and they make a point of calling themselves amateurs and being candid about their disqualifications. They have furthermore brought out their book in so unmanageable a format, at so high a price, and in so limited an edition that it can scarcely, in any real sense, be said to be accessible to the public. It consists of two elaborate volumes, handsomely printed in Italy, which are embellished with eighty-two plates, that include a brilliant series of watercolors—never before published and reproduced in color—of different species of mushrooms, by Jean-Henry Fabre, the once-famous French writer on insects. The set costs \$125, and the edition consists of only 512 copies, and each of the volumes weighs a ton and is of a size and a shape so awkward as to make it extremely difficult, in any normal position, to cope with the voluminous text.

In spite of these obstacles, which seem calculated to occlude it from the reviewer as well as from the public, the work deserves special attention. Though sometimes inept and muddled, the authors have brought to light a good deal that is exciting and important. But, in view of the difficulty of acquiring the book, the critic must take as his aim to suggest how it may be reworked to present what is valuable in it in a form available to the ordinary reader rather than to suggest to this reader how he ought to approach it in its present form. Yet one cannot write an amateur review, one cannot, out of courtesy, assimilate oneself to however confessedly amateurish a book. So here is an account of the Wassons

EDMUND WILSON's most recent book is *A Piece of My Mind: Reflections at Sixty*.

on mushrooms that makes no allowance for their amateur status and assumes that they offer their studies in the folklore and botany of the subject as serious contributions.

IN THE first volume, then, of *Mushrooms*, etc., the Wassons are seen at their weakest. The first chapters, by Mrs. Wasson, are bound to prove a stumbling block to no matter how sympathetic a reader. These originally constituted, we gather, the opening of a quite different work—



a book about "the Russians and their food"—undertaken by Mrs. Wasson before the book about mushrooms grew out of it. For incomprehensible reasons, these chapters have been incorporated in the work that eventually resulted and have carried along with them a title which, besides being clumsy in itself, is entirely inappropriate to it. This is properly a treatise on mushrooms, not on history or Russia. Though mushrooms, as the authors show, are especially esteemed in Russia, Russian mushrooms are no more important, for the general scope and purpose of the book, than the mushrooms of any other country.

Mrs. Wasson's long summary of the history of Russia is completely irrelevant to the subject; and her personal reactions to mushrooms, as a patriotic Russian, strike a somewhat false note in a book which—however ill-equipped its authors in the discipline of botanical science—must be expected, from its very nature, to

respect scientific procedure. What Mrs. Wasson here mainly gives us is what the Russians themselves call *klyukva*. This originally meant synthetic Russian atmosphere produced by Russians for foreign consumption: a man in a Cossack costume, accompanied by an accordion or a balalaika, singing *Ochi Chyornye* or the Volga Boat Song in a New York or Paris night club. More recently, the Russian exiles of long residence in foreign countries have been—innocently and understandably—producing a kind of *klyukva* intended for their own consumption. Mrs. Wasson writes:

This love of Russians for the earthy tribe of mushrooms, is, I suggest, a distinctive trait of the Slavs. In the face of an ever-mounting flood of printed matter and talk about Russia, that land remains for the English-speaking world as deep an enigma as ever. If among those who seek the key to the enigma there be some with an understanding heart and a poet's insight, let them lay aside for awhile most of what is written and uttered, and consider the lesson in Russian history and Russian ways that the mushroom has to teach. Here is evidence of our visceral attachment to the bounteous soil that is our Mother Russia. . . . With what astonishment my husband saw me, on our first walk [in the Catskills] dart with ecstasy to this fungus and that, and on bended knee strike what seemed to him poses of adoration! . . . To what a world of wonder and delight the fugal vocabulary of Russia transports us! . . . Close to forty years have passed since I last gathered mushrooms in Russia, and revelled in the mushroom lore that we all shared. As I reread the lines I have written, I became aware of receding planes of memory, on the periphery of my consciousness, strewn with visions of mushrooms that I can no longer identify by name, and with names of mushrooms that are no longer attached to clearly defined images. What were those *bel-yanki** that refused to go to war because they were aristocratic ladies?

And so on for a paragraph: "I recall another curious name — the *skripitza*, or screeching mushroom: what could it have been?" etc. If

*I am making the Wassons' transliteration consistent with the standard one.

Mrs. Wasson had looked in Dahl's Russian dictionary or in the old Brockhaus Russian encyclopaedia, she would have found almost all of these "fungal" mysteries identified by their Latin names; and, as a matter of fact, when we get to the end of the Wassons' own second volume, we find, in Appendix II, the *belyanki* ticketed as *Lactarius Pubescens*.

In any condensation of the Wassons' book, these obstructive preliminary chapters ought certainly to be omitted. The one about the misuse of poisonous mushrooms in modern detective stories should be boiled down to a note. The only matter here that is valuable, the chapters on the Russian lore of mushrooms and the English antagonism to them, should be worked into the later chapter in which the curious contrast — brought out for the first time by the Wassons — of the attitudes toward the mushroom of the various nations is treated more comprehensively. Mrs. Wasson's own relation to the mushroom — emotional, national, personal — should be given its place in a foreword, which should also include the story of the conversion of the mushroom-fearing Wasson by the mushroom-loving Valentina Pavlovna and of the genesis in this conversion of their years of research and the present book — an interesting episode which they have here failed to make effective.

THE remainder of the first volume is entirely occupied with etymologies, which may bewilder the non-philological reader but are likely, in the long run, to cause him to lose confidence in the judgment of the authors. The Wassons have looked up the vocabulary of mushrooms and of ideas associated with mushrooms in innumerable languages and dialects, and they have established some significant connections; but they have terribly compromised these by entangling them in a web of improvisations that have no basis in science or common sense. For example, they have thrown some light on the association of mushrooms with toads (as in our English derogatory "toadstool" and an old French term for mushroom, "*pain de*

crapaud"), but they have clouded this with new attempts at derivation and definition that run counter to scholarly opinion and seem implausible if not impossible. They have discovered that an old French word for "toad" was "*bot*" and that a current Italian one is "*botta*," and they propose to connect these terms with certain regional French words for mushrooms such as "*botet*" and "*boutarel*." Very well; let us grant that the laymen may accept this connection as possible. But they want to get the Devil into it, and go about it in the following way.

The Wassons have scholarly authority for deriving these French and Italian words for "toad" from an old German word "*buta*," which means "blunted, clumsy, malformed"; and there is a French expression for "club foot," "*pied-bot*," which is supposed to have the same derivation. Now, the Devil is sometimes imagined as limping, so the Wassons at once conclude that "*le bot*" was "a euphemism for Satan" — though their only evidence for this consists of the Elizabethan "a bots on" someone or something and the French exclamation "*Vrai bot!*" which occurs in Rabelais. But the first of these refers to the cattle disease caused by the larvae of the botfly — see the big Oxford dictionary: it is an expression like "a pox" or "a murrain on" — and the second of them is defined in Huguet's *Dictionnaire de la Langue Française du Seizième Siècle* as a modified form of "*vrai Dieu*" (one would hardly say "*vrai Diable!*"). Yet Mr. Wasson assumes that his case is thus proved, and, in a paper more recently published, asserts, as if on good authority, that "*le bot*" in old French means "the Devil." And the Wassons go on in their book to try to show that the English word "*bat*," the animal, equals "*bot*," and hence "*Devil*," though the accepted derivation for "*bat*" is the middle-English "*bakke*," meaning "*bat*," brought over by the Scandinavians and ultimately deriving from "*blaka*," an Icelandic word for "flutter." From this they take off in a flight that explains Old Boots as a name for the Devil, Puss-in-boots and the expression "Clumsy-Boots,"

Monthly Review Press NEW BOOKS

A New Birth of Freedom?

by Konni Zilliacus

A study of conditions "behind the iron curtain" by one of the world's most experienced experts on international affairs. Mr. Zilliacus, Labor Member of the British Parliament, spent several months in Eastern Europe in late 1956. He gives a down-to-earth analysis of the causes and effects of the famous Khrushchev report and the Polish and Hungarian revolutions.

Price in January, \$5
Special prepublication price, \$3.
Save \$2 by ordering now!

The South African Treason Trial

by Lionel Forman and E. S. Sachs

The first part of this timely book describes the trial of the 156 opponents of apartheid who were charged with treason. It is written by one of the accused, Lionel Forman who is a barrister and editor of *New Age*. The second part, written by Solly Sachs, exiled president of the Garment Workers Union, gives the social and political background of what is happening in South Africa.

Price in January, \$5
Special prepublication price, \$3.
Save \$2 by ordering now!

Socialists Around the World

by Helen and Scott Nearing

There are socialists in every land. In some countries they are still muzzled and imprisoned. In other countries they hold the highest offices and shape public opinion and public policy. The Nearings talked to socialists in North America, Europe and Asia. With this book they take you to these people and let you listen in on their conversations.

Price in January, \$3.
Special prepublication price, \$2.
Save \$1 by ordering now!

MONTHLY REVIEW PRESS, Dept. N
66 Barrow Street, New York 14

I enclose \$..... Send me as soon as published:

- ☐ A New Birth of Freedom? (\$3 now)
☐ The South African Treason Trial (\$3 now)
☐ Socialists Around the World (\$2 now)

NAME (Print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE.....
(Include Zone)

November 16, 1957

365

used by Bella to her husband in *Our Mutual Friend*, as based on "le bot," the limping Devil, who has never been anything other than a philological invention of the Wassons.

They even go to the length of asserting that to describe someone as "bats" is equivalent to saying he is possessed by the Devil. The queer-ness of mushrooms and toads and the fact that they are sometimes poisonous are enough to account for their association in the minds of simple people, and that the Devil was associated with both mushrooms and toads is shown in a variety of ways: an old Dutch word for mushrooms was "*duivelsbrood*." But the Wassons have overdone all this. In their chapter on the *Amanita muscaria*, a mushroom which has been supposed to owe its name to its efficacy in killing flies — the tradition has come down from the thirteenth century — they go out of their way to demonstrate that this species has been called "fly mushroom" for an entirely different reason: its supposed connection with the spirits of evil. The Wassons have had two sets of experiments made with the purpose of finding out whether the "fly-killer" — crushed in milk, with sugar, according to the old receipt — is actually fatal to flies; and one of these, performed in Oslo, gave only negative results, while the other, performed in Paris, seemed to justify the ancient belief: the flies that drank the milk did die. But even if this *Amanita* is actually pernicious to flies, the Wassons — apparently influenced by the mentality of the "New Criticism," with its napoleon-like "layers of interpretation" — contend that it is not improbable that the name "carries two layers of meaning, one for housewives and one for those initiated in sacred mysteries." This contention the two authors attempt to support by pages of far-fetched linkages between flies and the forces of evil — "bug," "buga-boo," etc.

The literary style of the Wassons is calculated to horripilate the literary as well as to alienate the scientific reader. Besides the examples already given, one may cite their delight in such phrases as "the gentle

art of mushroom-knowing," their ad-diction to such dreadful words as "oft-times" and "unbeknownst," and their concoction of such chapter headings as *Mucus and Love* and *The Riddle of the Toad and Other Secrets Mushroomic*.

BUT NOW, having cut our way through the etymological creepers of Volume I, let us go on to the revelations contained in the second volume. These chapters, besides being more interesting, are noticeably better written. The Wassons here are getting their hand in, and since the book itself has been published, the short articles they have been doing for periodicals seem to show that they are becoming capable of presenting their ideas and experiences in a simpler and more clear-cut way. And they have here, in their expeditions in search of the "Sacred Mushroom," a very curious story to tell.

When the Spaniards arrived in America, early in the sixteenth century, they found that, on festive occasions, the Mexican natives ate mushrooms which made them deliriously and dangerously drunk. Several species apparently had this effect. They sometimes brought ecstatic visions, sometimes nightmares of doom; sometimes people laughed uncontrollably, sometimes they became suicidal, sometimes homicidal. The Wassons have collected and print here from the contemporary Spanish accounts, all the

discoverable references to this phenomenon, and they have turned up a sixteenth-century drawing of a man sitting and eating mushrooms while an evidently divine figure, wearing a crenellated headdress and with clawed hands and feet, comes behind him and touches the back of his head. One species of these hallucinatory mushrooms was significantly known as God's Flesh. But these fungi were never encountered by any non-Indian again until 1936, when a traveling anthropologist, Mr. Robert J. Weitlaner, getting wind of a surviving cult in the remote town of Huantla de Jiménez, in the State of Oaxaca, Mexico, succeeded in obtaining some specimens, which eventually found their way to the botany department at Harvard. They were identified there as belonging to the genus *Panaeolus*, various species of which were already known in Europe and America. These have not ordinarily been eaten, but there is a record of one occasion, in 1916, when an American family who cooked and ate on toast what they believed to be *Panaeolus* mushrooms became wildly intoxicated. In 1938, another anthropologist and three other white people attended a rite in Huantla, at which the sacred mushrooms were eaten.

The Wassons decided to investigate Huantla, and in August, 1953, they went there with Mr. Weitlaner. An account of their adventures and researches in connection with the hallucinatory mushroom occupies

Three Religious Poems

THE SECULAR VIEW

The secular view is no longer in flower—
'Tis religion that's Sheening and Greene.
(See Niebuhr and Tillich. See Dwight Eisenhower.
See Auden. See Time Magazine.)

PROGRESS

Sankey was moody, and Sunday, he ranted like Saturday night
While Aimée MacPherson (they say) went whoring.
Billy Graham has raised the Lord's standard all right
But he's rather boring.

AND SMILE SMILE SMILE

The difference between a Cheshire cat and Norman Vincent Peale
Is that—on the latter gent—even the grin isn't real.

ERIC BENTLEY

The NATION

about half of their second volume. They found that the natives believed that the god of the mushroom spoke to them, advising them about their affairs and prophesying the future. At a mushroom-eating ceremony at which the Wassons were present in Huantla but in which they did not take part, they inquired, since they had to pretend that there was something they wanted to know, about their eighteen-year-old son, from whom they had not heard since they left and whom they supposed to be in Boston. The priest of the mushrooms replied that the boy was in New York, that he was worried about some problem which he did not know how to deal with, and that "they" were reaching out for him to send him to war. His parents assumed that this could not be true, because the boy was exempt from the draft, but it later turned out that their son had actually been in New York at the time of the Mexican ceremony and that he had been going through a crisis about a girl and, as a result of it, had decided to enlist.

It occurred to the Wassons at about this time, though the connection had never been suggested, that the so-called "mushroom stones," found in quantities in Mexico and Guatemala — little statues of mushrooms with a human face or figure always embedded in the stem — must be images of the sacred mushroom, and that if this were true one could conclude from the archaeological evidence that the cult must have flourished from at least 1000 B. C. to about 900 A. D.

IN June and July of 1955, they visited another Oaxacan village and attended somewhat different rites, at which for the first time they were permitted — and had the courage — to eat the sacred mushroom themselves. While the woman of the household, all through the night, under the influence of the drug, was performing a long ritual of chanting and dancing, the Wassons had hallucinations that fully convinced them that the mushroom deserved its reputation. Mr. Wasson saw a desert with caravans of camels and landscapes of "the estuaries of im-

mense rivers brimming over with pellucid water." There were also "patterns" and "artistic motifs" that "seemed the very archetypes of beautiful form and color." The visions of Mrs. Wasson are not described in this book, but she has written about them in an article in the *This Week* Sunday supplement of the New York *Herald Tribune* of May 19, 1957. She noticed at first that "my husband's red plaid sports shirt was glowing with a peculiar intensity. I stared at the crude wooden furniture. The cracks and knotholes were changing shape." She later found herself traveling through the caves of the Dordogne and delighting in their primitive paintings, which "seemed suffused with a crystal light." Then she was transported to France — to the Versailles of Louis XV — where she saw herself and her sister taking part in a great ball. "Hundreds of beautifully gowned couples danced the minuet in train and powdered periwig to the music of Mozart."

The Wassons' sixteen-year-old daughter who was with them and who also ate the mushrooms, first thought she saw "a nest of bright blue boxes piled up in the corner of the room," then cried out that she "felt like a chicken" (there were chickens straying through the house), then, in response to some remark of her father's, replied impatiently, "Oh Father, I'm having too good a time to bother talking to you!" In the meantime, Mrs. Wasson had visited a Spanish church, with a "towering crucifix," and an opera box at the Metropolitan, where that old favorite Tchaikovsky ballet, *Les Sylphides*, was being performed; had "taken off through the skies with several of the dancers," and found herself "bending over a huge, deep blue Chinese vase, inspecting several handsome gold dragons crawling around at the bottom." Then she was carried to Holland and "exclaimed to myself, 'What nonsense — I wish to be in Russia!' I was in Russia. The tiles were framed about an old peasant stove. Children in colorful pre-World War I costumes were dancing around the room. Everyone was laughing and gay, singing old

syria . . .

**propaganda,
power play, or prelude
to disaster?**

Will the Soviet-Syrian economic pact and Russia's naval build-up in the Mediterranean force the United States to take drastic action in today's hottest danger zone?

In her new book, Freda Utley, distinguished news correspondent, surveys the causes for conflict and draws a deadly parallel between the events that brought the Chinese Reds to power, and recent happenings in this crucial area. Based on up-to-the-minute information, this hard-hitting report will help answer the question in everyone's mind:

will the middle east go west?

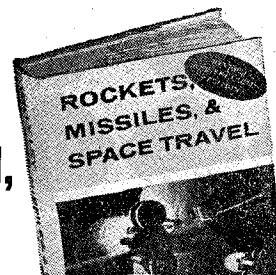
by Freda Utley

At Bookstores Everywhere \$3.00

HENRY REGNERY CO.
CHICAGO 4

**The most important book
on rockets ever written ...**

**NOW
fully
revised,
enlarged,
and up-
to-date!**



by **WILLY LEY**

Since its publication in 1944, this invaluable book has gone through 11 printings and two complete revisions. The exciting future of rocket developments and space-travel predicted in the earlier editions is now here: this is the whole up-to-tomorrow story of recent developments and the prospects for the next few years.

Filled with top-secret information only recently released for publication, the book covers the current satellite project and describes the many rockets and the new rocket fuels developed since 1951. The chapter on space medicine has been greatly expanded and the true story of Peenemünde — of especial historical interest — has been told from personal consultation by the author with Walter Dornberger, Wernher von Braun and other Peenemündians now in this country. Extensive bibliography, index.

Fully illustrated with drawings, charts, diagrams and photographs. \$6.75

THE VIKING PRESS

625 Madison Ave., New York 22

November 16, 1957

367

THE LIVING NOVEL

A SYMPOSIUM

Edited by GRANVILLE HICKS

The Contributors:

Saul Bellow	Mark Harris
Paul Darcy Boles	Wright Morris
John Brooks	Flannery O'Connor
Ralph Ellison	Harvey Swados
Herbert Gold	Jessamyn West

Ten contemporary American novelists discuss the problems of their craft and answer critics who charge that fiction today is irresponsible and decadent. The results comprise a hard-hitting confirmation of the vitality of the novel in our time.

\$4.50

REFLECTIONS ON HANGING

By ARTHUR KOESTLER

"...the brilliant novelist Arthur Koestler... has been one of the chief promoters of the parliamentary struggle which has recently limited the capital offenses of Great Britain. His book, a gathering of his pieces in *The London Observer*, is... heavily statistical, psychologically fascinating, and historically trenchant... with a compelling 'Preface for Americans' by Edmond Cahn..."—*Newsweek*

\$4.50

THE FUTURE OF SOCIALISM

By C. A. R. CROSLAND

"...the first detailed account of right-wing Labor Party re-thinking. Crosland, university economist and Labor M.P. from 1950 to 1955, is an important spokesman for a large segment of the party."—*The Nation*

"...a penetrating and provocative new interpretation of the aims and ideas of democratic socialism... an outstanding contribution..."—*The New Leader*

\$7.00

at all bookstores

The Macmillan Company
60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

songs." But she could not stay long in Russia — not even to gather mushrooms. She was presently looking down on a map of China: "Cities, rivers and mountains were depicted in rubies, sapphires and emeralds."

They brought some of the mushrooms back with them and tried eating them in New York. "As we stood at the window and watched the gale tossing the trees and the water of the East River, with the rain driven in squalls before the wind, the whole scene was further quickened to life by the abnormal intensity of the colors that we saw. We had always thought that El Greco's apocalyptic skies over Toledo were a figment of the poet's imagination. But on this night we saw El Greco's skies, nothing dimmed, whirling over New York."

In the meantime, they had visited still a third village, "in the coastal sierra of southern Oaxaca, a region almost unknown to travelers," and here they found the mushroom ritual mixed with Catholic rites. The mushrooms were always first placed before an image of the Virgin of Guadalupe, and the prayers for an abundant crop of them were addressed to a medley of deities — the Earth, God the Father, the Trinity, the Great Lightning Bolt that bred the mushroom, and the Great Lightning Bolt that put blood into the mushroom. These last two especially interested the Wassons because they had discovered that in many parts of the world there was a uniform belief that mushrooms were engendered by thunderstorms. It would seem, however, that the Wassons exaggerate the value of this as proof of the divine or diabolic properties attributed to the mushrooms by primitive peoples. The feeling of the uncanniness of mushrooms must have been due to their suddenly appearing without anyone's understanding how they were able to seed themselves; and the idea that they were bred by the lightning is no doubt to be mainly accounted for by the fact that they are likely to push up after rain — an explanation that seems never to have occurred to the Wassons. The general avoidance of mushrooms

among people who do not know them well must be due not primarily to a religious tabu but to accidents occurring from the poisonous kinds. One cannot argue from the thunder motif to the motif of divine providence because the very few localities where mushrooms are eaten for divine inspiration do not necessarily coincide with those in which their sudden sprouting is supposed to be produced by thunder or lightning. In general, the Wassons' theory of the universal importance of the mushroom goes far beyond the actual evidence. "Our divine mushrooms," they say, "along with the secondary vegetable hallucinogens, may have played a role in the origins of human culture. . . . Yes, our mushrooms must have unlimbered the imagination of those first men who ate them, stirred their curiosity and speculative faculties. Our mushrooms could have sparked in them the very idea of God."

WE NOW come, in Chapter 18, "The Anatomy of Mycophobia," to the discussion of a very curious subject that the Wassons have apparently been the first to explore — the dichotomy of the people of the Western world into mycophiles, mushroom-lovers, and mycophobes, avoiders of mushrooms. The Russians, as is well known, belong to the first of these categories; they are even, the Wassons claim, "mycolatrous." The Wassons invoke and quote the scenes of mushroom-gathering from *Anna Karenina*, and they might also have cited the excursions after mushrooms that occur in all émigré memoirs, usually in the same chapter that tells about the foreign tutors. The Russian vocabulary for mushrooms is enormous compared with most others, and the Wassons assert that, in some dialects of Russian, mushrooms are given the inflections appropriate to animate beings, and that some species have a form of the plural which otherwise occurs only in the case of young animals or human beings: *maslyata* and *oryata* like *tsyrypyata* and *rebyata*. The English-speaking peoples, on the other hand, distrust and dislike mushrooms. They employ, in general currency,

only two words for these fungi: "mushrooms," meaning harmless ones, and "toadstools," the poisonous kinds. A very few of the fungi, which do not look like mushrooms at all, have been given such names as "stinkhorns" and "puffballs," and truffles, of course, though actually mushrooms, are thought of as something apart. We do have the word "morel" for the edible species of *Morchella*, although it is rarely heard, but we do not have any word for the edible *Boletus* which the French call "cèpe." The writer of this article runs absolutely true to Anglo-Saxon habit (I hope that this has not affected the tone of my review) in being a lifelong and inexorable mycophobe. My prejudice has been strengthened by the disagreeable experience of once having been poisoned for days by a mess of *Something or other emeticus* which a Cape Cod neighbor had picked under the impression that it was an edible species. The Wassons make the point that in mycophile countries such accidents are rare: the people know their mushrooms too well.

The French, the Wassons assert—leaving aside the South: Provence, traditionally a separate country, and Gascony, famous for *cèpes*—are not as yet truly a mycophile nation. The French Canadians did not eat wild mushrooms, and the taste for *cèpes*, truffles and *champignons* is of relatively recent date. Poisonings from mushrooms have been common in France. The same thing is true of the Germans, who, as late as the seventeenth century, were capable of insulting the Russians from the mycophobe point of view: "Our German people live like lords, eat fresh meat and drink wines and beer, while your people, like beasts and hounds, eat mushrooms and drink water and kvas." (This comes from a textbook of Russian for Germans, and it bears out the Wassons' contention, though they do not call attention to this, that the words for "mushrooms" in the Russian sentence refer to edible mushrooms, whereas in the German sentence the word is the contemptuous-sounding "*Poggenstole*" or "frog's stool.") In Europe, the appetite for mushrooms is concentrated in a

West Mediterranean patch, spanning the Pyrenees, which includes Provence and Catalonia. Both the Catalans and the Provençals have enormous mycological vocabularies; an authority on the Catalan mushroom has listed two hundred and twenty terms. Spain proper, rather strangely in view of this, has been inveterately mycophobe: its mushroom vocabulary is meager, and the same thing seems true of Portugal. The Arabs, with scantier resources, are "passionate mycophiles."

HERE surely is a cleavage of peoples which should not be left unexploited by our passionate nationalists. The hostility which the United States and the Soviet Union have been working up against one another has had all too dubious an issue in the supposed incompatibility in the world at large of republican capitalism and totalitarian communism. We have now in the United States too many state-owned or state-subsidized institutions and too much government control of industry for this hackneyed antithesis to be plausible; and in Russia and its satellite countries, the unfortunate "proletariat," in the name of whom the government operates, has been repressed as completely and brutally as the workers in American steel towns ever were by the company's "Cossacks" and is in a far less advantageous position to demand and obtain what it needs than our organized labor is. The Russians have been as intent on imitating our farming and industrial methods as we have been on learning the technique of their political heresy hunts.

Both they and we are now occupying or partly controlling considerable parts of the world where we are not necessarily welcome, and each is making it difficult for its citizens and for the citizens of the other to visit one another's countries or one another's sphere of influence. The danger is, as time goes on, that the Soviet Union and the United States will get to be too much alike, and that the myths that are manufactured on both sides to keep up our reciprocal antagonism will all too obviously be seen to wear thin. But here, in the age-long



ABELARD-SCHUMAN

A Fiction Program

★ All over the world, within every adult, there's a reader of fiction—yet critics carp about the novel "dying" and there's too much agreement about "no market," especially for unknown writers.

★ Abelard-Schuman disagrees.

★ Abelard-Schuman loves fiction, that "velvet mole that burrows underground." And while it has not been easy, we have been building a program of fiction—and we intend to continue—the good fiction for which we know there is a market.

★ This is no "operation egghead." We mean entertaining novels as well as sober, gay, and realistic, and experimental novels.

★ Oh, we agree nonfiction is morally bracing and commercially feasible. We're proud of our Life of Science Library, our Ram's Horn Books of Jewish interest; and of course we will publish literary criticism, economics, politics (this season: *The Isolationist Impulse* by Professor Selig Adler) and next season, even poetry.

★ But our fiction publishing will be a specific program, not the occasional "good book" that comes along. We're pleased with the writers Abelard-Schuman has published so far and grateful for reader reception:

OLIVIA MANNING

Her *The Doves of Venus* is followed now by *A Different Face* (\$3.50).

FELICIEN MARCEAU

A delicious Gallic charmer whose *The China Shepherdess* (\$3.00) was "wittier, more compassionate than Sagan."—*Washington Post*.

PETER VANSITTART

An experimental writer who "caught an accurate reflection of modern agony" in *The Game and the Ground* (\$3.00)—*Sat. Review*.

MARY PATCHETT

We're excited about this vigorous Australian whose new story of the "outback" has the makings of a classic. *Cry of the Heart* (\$3.50).

VILLY SORENSEN

The snow-and-fire young Dane who's been acclaimed for *Tiger in the Kitchen* (\$3.50).

★ We're telling you all this not because we want pats on the back but because you buy books and read books and we know you are interested. And if an idea strikes you about our fiction program, write to us. We'll be glad to hear from you.

ABELARD-SCHUMAN LIMITED

404 Fourth Ave., New York 16

November 16, 1957

"Surely the most illuminating and magnificently readable one-man survey of the mad Middle East."

Hal Lehrman,
N. Y. Herald Tribune

ISLAM INFLAMED

A Middle East Picture
by James Morris

Brilliantly written impressions and discussions of every state in the Moslem Middle East; fascinating accounts of remote places and little-known people; penetrating and objective evaluations of Arab nationalism, the open and hidden oil conflicts, the waxing and waning of foreign powers.

"One of the best books of literary journalism I have ever read. A seeing eye for significant detail, a fine flair for the beauties of the English language."

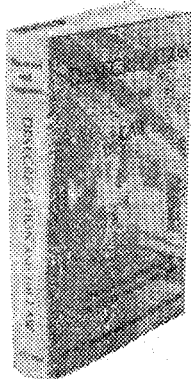
Orville Prescott, N. Y. Times

\$5.00

At Your Bookstore

PANTHEON BOOKS INC.

333 Sixth Avenue, N. Y. 14



"Readable"

"Admirable"

"Impressive"

"Excellent"

DESEGREGATION AND THE LAW

The Meaning and Effect of
the School Segregation Cases

"... an admirable job on the desegregation issue ... a readable book." — Morris L. Ernst.

"... a thorough job of research, put together in readable language." — Thurgood Marshall

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Brunswick, N.J.

Please send me _____ copies of
DESEGREGATION AND THE LAW
at \$5.00. ☐ Check enclosed ☐ Bill me.
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

antipathy between mycophobes and mycophiles, is something that we can get our teeth into. The struggle for power in our world lies clearly between clean-living mycophobes, disdainers of the foul-tasting fungi, and groveling mycophiles, who grub in the earth like pigs in search of these detestable morsels. The reviewer, though too old for combat, has never forgotten the horror of the effects of the *Something Emeticus*, and he is ready to put his pen unreservedly at the service of the national propaganda. The British will be on our side; mycophilia in France and Germany is a mere affectation, skin-deep: these nations will be ranged with us, also. The notorious mycophilia of the Arabs can be used as a threat against them if they obstruct our free access to oil. Catalonia and Provence hardly count in any military way; they can easily be isolated and treated as a large concentration camp. Portugal and Spain will support us. And the mushroom-shaped pillars of smoke exploded by atomic bombs will acquire a symbolic significance. The competition in producing these weapons and the conflict to extinction which must follow will be given a moral meaning far profounder than any involved in the rival immoralities and moralities of the Soviet system and ours. Though the bombs and the smoke-shapes to which they give rise may seem to be almost identical, the ideals behind the two sets of weapons will be at opposite poles: the sinister mushroom of the Soviet Union will be the Marxist-Leninist mushroom of mycophagy — Lenin, it seems, had a great love of mushrooms — while the towering American cloud will be the mushroom to end mushrooms. For the mushroom cult must be uprooted. It will not be enough in this contest merely to pin euphemisms on enemy foods, as we did in our first war against Germany when we renamed our hamburgers Salisbury steaks and our sauerkraut victory cabbage. The treasonable consumption of mushrooms must be stamped out. A ban must be clapped on such dishes as beefsteak *aux champignons* and everything *aux truffes* or with sauce *Mornay*. (The Wassons must of

FABLE

(from the Spanish of Octavio Paz)

The state of fire and the state of air
Prancing of water
From green to yellow
Yellow to red
From dream to vigil
From desire to act
You needed only a step and that taken
without effort
The insects then were jewels who were
alive
The heat lay down to rest at the edge
of the pool
Rain was the light hair of a willow-tree
There was a tree growing within your
hand
And as it grew it sang laughed prophesied
It cast the spells that cover space with
wings
There were the simple miracles called
birds
Everything belonged to everyone
Everyone was everything
Only one word existed immense without
opposite
A word like a sun
One day it exploded into tiny fragments
They were the words of the language
that we speak
They are fragments which never will
unite
They are the splintered mirrors where
the world
can see itself shattered

MURIEL RUKEYSER

course be interned even before hostilities begin.) So, defenders of the American Way of Life, stout mushroom-despisers of Mother England, loyal members of the British Commonwealth speaking our common language so free from the taint of the mushroom, brave allies of France, Spain and Germany, let us rescue from the menace of the mycophage the heritage of Christendom and the civilized West! Man your planes and unclench your bombs, release your unguided missiles, for the triumph of the Free World, where the favorable mention of mushrooms will be dealt with by prompt imprisonment and the eating or selling of mushrooms be visited with the heaviest penalties that emergency legislation can direct!

The NATION

The Virtue of Translation

M. L. Rosenthal

IN THIS ISSUE we offer a sampling of poetry in translation (and a prose essay by Albert Camus, rendered into English, in the bargain). It is appropriate, though quite coincidental, that we can at the same time publish David Rattray's report on Ezra Pound in St. Elizabeth's Hospital. For translation has played an important part in Pound's whole career and influence. It has meant for him, from the start, the chance to sink himself into the poetry of the past and of other languages and societies and to show others how to do so. With his quick receptivity, he has been able to "repossess" tone and nuance, shape and essence, of the poems he has put into English in such a way as to find himself a voice through them. And indeed, it is well known that almost everything he has translated has in one way or another entered into the making of his more "original" poetry.

This is one of the great functions of translation: that it should be integral to the making of a poet and to the development of a body of poetry. Pound's approach and method have provided certain standards for our best contemporary poets. Briefly, that approach and method consist of getting the basic feel of the original and recreating it in a language and style both suitable for it and expressive of the poet's own sensibility. Pound's "The Seafarer," done almost a half century ago, remains our best modern version of that Anglo-Saxon poem. In it he cultivates a heavy, lurching, even clumsy alliterative pounding that at times outdoes the original in its harshness and repetitiousness: "Storms, on the stone-cliffs beaten, fell on the stern." The effect is "barbaric," insistent, muscular with its rowing rhythms and projection of the rigors of life at sea. The translation created a vehicle through which past and present still communicate with each other.

Poetic translation is one of the great vital means, perhaps the greatest one, of communication between eras and cultures. "Something there is that doesn't love a wall." At whatever level, with whatever makeshifts, we do want to know what "the others" are saying, and they do want us to hear it. Even the crudest translation can put us in touch with what otherwise we might never have experienced at all; even the dreadful translations of Pushkin that appear from time to time suggest a way of seeing and saying things, a world of felt

truths, as authentic and valuable as it is "strange" to us. This principle holds especially where the poet is virtually unknown in our tradition, and where all we have is the earnest work of a translator with more dedication than talent.

The case of the Polish poet, Adam Mickiewicz, like that of Pushkin but even more tantalizingly, is an apt example. *Faute de mieux*, I was willing to plow through the impossibly tedious and tritely phrased translations of his work in the edition of his *Selected Poetry and Prose*¹ issued by the Polish Government two years ago. I especially wanted to read the selections from *Pan Tadeusz*, reputed to be the masterpiece of Poland's "national poet," taken from the 1885 translation by Maude Ashurst Biggs. And it is true enough; one does see something of the power of this nineteenth-century Romantic patriot and lover of freedom, and of his tremendous ground-sense of his native land; all this despite the Biggs version, which begins "Litva! My country, like art thou to health..." and bounces on forever in like ancient bumpiness to the last recorded decasyllabic line. Enough passion, enough concentration of complex elements in simple, vivid moments of action and description, manifested themselves in spite of everything to sustain my faith that there must be more to Mickiewicz than glazed my eye on most of these pages. The publication, a year later, of the *Selected Poems*,² excellently edited by Clark Mills, confirmed that faith. Though *Pan Tadeusz* is not there included, the translations by Auden and other poets of real competence bring out the values one could only guess at before.

GOOD translation, of course, goes further than just introducing us to an alien body of writing and then leaving us to speculate what it is really like under the ready-made, undistinguished cloak that some half-poet has draped over it. It must have an identification of spirit realized through the most sensitive response of style. We are most demanding when the original is a classic over which many fine poets have toiled. Why Gilbert Highet should offer his own pitiful verse-translations of the Latin poets in *Poets in a Landscape*,³ or why Frank Copley should print his only slightly less earless versions in *Catullus: The Complete Poetry*,⁴ when so many more accomplished versions were avail-

The Tower and the Abyss

by ERICH KAHLER

"A stunning achievement!"
David Spitz—*The Nation*

Here is a vitally important book that probes the broken world of contemporary man. Kahler's agile mind penetrates the areas of art, religion, literature, philosophy, science and collectivism; he documents from the writings of Sartre, Eliot, Hemingway and others. Vastly readable, *THE TOWER AND THE ABYSS* is a truly astute study of man and his values. \$6.00

MYTH AND GUILT

THEODOR REIK

probes the deepest roots of human conscience

One of Freud's most brilliant pupils examines "the basic myth of our civilization: 'the story of Adam's Fall culminating in the Passion of Christ and the sense of guilt that and the sense of guilt that plagues Western man today.' Penetrating, provocative, and enthralling." *Library Journal*. \$5.75

At your bookseller, or from
GEORGE BRAZILLER, INC.
215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3

November 16, 1957

371

**Now — A Dependable Guide
To Personal Achievement**

**PSYCHOLOGY
for LIVING**

by DR. EUGENE H. SLOANE

Part 1: Changing Our Habits

Part 2: Nervous Tension

Part 3: Self-discovery

Intended for the layman, this book has been termed "a return to sanity in psychology" and "a helpful bridge between psychiatry and education."

Here are some of the reasons for these discriminating comments:

- Rejects the "will" concepts of German philosophy and psychiatry in favor of concepts as old as St. Thomas and as recent as "field theory."

- Explains "habit changing" in the light of the revolutionary work of the American Knight Dunlap and the Russian A. R. Luria.

- Maintains the distinction between medical and social psychiatry and interprets "psychoneurosis" as "socio-neurosis."

- Shifts the arena of psychological conflict from the "unconscious" to the conscious mind.

"...Covers the subject of personality development better than most works four times its length. No one can study and apply it and not develop more workable relations with others and with himself."

The Kansas City Star

"Sound psychology throughout ... A good guide to self-understanding and identification of remediable short-comings in one's personality and way of life."

Journal of Physical Education

"The language is non-technical, the style is engaging ... A truly refreshing, soundly conceived book."

Sioux Falls Argus-Leader

1957 Cloth \$3.00

Order directly, postpaid,
or from your bookseller

THE OWL PRESS

BAY RIDGE ANNAPOLIS, MD.

25% OFF LIST PRICE

ON ANY BOOK
(With Reasonable Exceptions)

10% off scholarly and text books

HERE'S HOW: Deduct 25% from list price, add 20c per book for postage and special wrapping, and send us check or money order! N.Y.C. residents add 3% sales tax.

Send for FREE Rate Card

WORLD WIDE BOOK SERVICE

254 Henry St., Dept. A, Brooklyn 1, N.Y.
ULster 5-7051

able, is one of the great mysteries. "*Vivamus, mea Lesbia,*" writes Catullus—

*Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
rumoresque senum severiorum
omnes unius aestimemus assis—*

which Horace Gregory, with beautiful economy and accuracy, renders:

Come, Lesbia, let us live and love,
nor give a damn what sour old men
say.⁵

Hightet, horribly, says:

Life, my Lesbia, life and love for
ever!
All that gossip of grave and reverend
elders—

close your ears to it! it's not worth
a penny.

And Crosley, who has something of a
buck-and-wing touch:

I said to her, darling, I said
let's LIVE and
let's LOVE and
what do we care what those old
purveyors of joylessness say?
(they can go to hell, all of them)

A good translator may make mistakes or deliberate changes in the literal reading, yet he will transcend them by the way in which he carries the whole poem forward in the spirit of its own conception. Almost all such translators disclaim any effort at scholarly exactness. "I have not," writes Dudley Fitts in his introduction to *Poems from the Greek Anthology*,⁷ "really undertaken translation at all—translation, that is to say, as it is understood in the schools. I have simply tried to restate in my own idiom what the Greek verses have meant for me." And in introducing *One Hundred Chinese Poems*,⁷ Kenneth Rexroth says: "I make no claim for the book as a piece of Oriental scholarship. Just some poems." After the translator has swerved from his customary orbit into that of his original, he needs somehow to bring himself back into his own orbit again; in the process the original text becomes less his pattern for copying than his *subject*, and the poem does become his own. Compare Fitts's translation of the "Elegy on Herakleitos" by Kallimachos with that of William Cory (perhaps the most famous translation in the *Anthology* hitherto). Cory, who used Latinized spelling of Greek names, begins:

They told me, Heraclitus, they told
me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear
and bitter tears to shed.

Fitts, much closer to the heart of the poem, avoids both the non-stop pace and the superimposed adjectives of

Cory, and also avoids the awkwardness of his "They brought me . . . tears to shed."

One brought me the news of your
death, O Herakleitos my friend,
And I wept for you. . . .

Poets like Fitts and Rexroth (not that there are so many that they make up any large class) are completely free of either servile literalism or pretentiousness in their translations. Fitts, especially, imposes his own discipline on his materials—the discipline of the best, organically balanced, free verse. The familiar takes on new character and feeling in his hands:

The best of all things it were, never
to be born,
Never to know the light of the strong
sharp sun;
But being born,
The best of all is to pass as soon as
may be
To Hadès' gate,
there to lie dead,
Lost, locked close beneath the world's
huge weight.

(Theognis, "Gnomic Verses")

Diophantos went to bed
& dreamed of Dr. Hermogenês,
Although he was wearing a Lucky
Piece,

he never woke up again.

(Lucilius, "On Hermogenês the
Physician")

The challenge of these elegiac and satirical pieces, so many of them exquisitely controlled and chiseled to a deceptive brevity, has stimulated Fitts—always an interesting poet—to his finest work in this book. Rexroth, working less precisely to get just the right *weight* in his poems, presents less formal variety. As in his own original poetry, so in his Chinese translations he strives less for design and concentration than for a central rightness—the tone simple and natural, sometimes humorous, sometimes (usually) wry and nostalgic; and though "objective" and fatalistic, he is not reluctant to introduce a generalization occasionally. The first part of his book, the translations from Tu Fu, is taken from work "I have had . . . by me since adolescence and over the years have come to know these poems better than most of my own." The second: consists of translations, many of them freer, from poets of the Sung Dynasty—Su Tung P'o, Li Ch'ing Chao and others. All have the Rexroth touch, though no doubt they are in direct relation to their sources. The heavy melancholy of Tu Fu's "Snow Storm," or his "To Wei Pa," or his "Night in the House by the River"

The NATION

is exactly matched by that of Mei Yao Ch'en's "On the Death of a New Born Child" or of Chu Shu Chen's "Hysteria"; and the poems of other moods follow parallel patterns no matter who their authors. Yet these are all idiosyncratic and convincing, because the translator has found common ground with his ancient Chinese poets, and has in a real sense become one of them himself.

TRANSLATION, is anything but the sterile exercise it sometimes may seem to be—an exercise in the impossible, most people are tempted to call it. "How in the world can you translate *poetry*? It just can't be done!" At the very least it is a bridge, however unreliable, to the unknown. At its best, it is a voyage of self-discovery as well as of exploration of new-found lands. Incidentally, there is a special use and pleasure, I should think apparent to everyone, in those volumes which print originals and translations side by side—volumes such as Jackson Mathews' edition of René Char's *Hypnos Waking* or Louise Varèse's of the *Eloges and Other Poems* of St.-John Perse. Char's poems, and his poetic prose, are rendered by various hands, and it is especially absorbing to see how his style dominates that of so many able poets who write in our tongue, yet seldom seems to violate their own centers of gravity. What! Is this William Carlos Williams who writes: "Reality, noble, does not refuse herself to the one who comes to prize her, not to insult or take her prisoner"? Yes, of course, it is exactly Williams' "message," though marvelously disguised in Char's more abstract language. Is this W. S. Merwin being so unabashedly sensuous in a love poem?—"Is there a carved throat more radiant than yours? To ask is to die!" Yes, why not? And besides, the poem, "The Room in Space," closes in on itself in the true Merwinian manner, till it reaches a final paradox that is the whole clue to the lovers' relationship. But in addition, it is endlessly instructive to contemplate the differences and similarities between a line of English such as I have just quoted and the French it is based on: "*Est-il gorge menuisée plus radieuse que la tienne? Demander c'est mourir!*" In Char's language, as in his thought, the sensuous and the moral, the immediately present and the mystically implied, the detached and the committed are simultaneously revealed. Char shows us how the fusion of such categories of opposed values in a poetry that is profound without affectation can be as easy as breathing.

St.-John Perse, in Louise Varèse's uneven translation, is another matter. Here

November 10, 1957

Your Book Published

Our famous plan has launched 700 authors. We edit, publish, advertise, distribute. Send manuscript for free report or write for Brochure N

PAGEANT PRESS, 101 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. 3



LOOKING for a LITERARY AGENT?

WRITERS! For honest appraisal and placement of your short stories, articles, books and plays (TV, MOVIE, STAGE, RADIO), send postcard with your name and address. We will immediately forward complete terms together with FREE booklet YOUR ROAD TO WRITING SUCCESS. Find out how you too can become a client of this agency. Write today!

DANIEL S. MEAD, Literary Agent, 419 Fourth Ave. Dept. N-12, N.Y. 16

MEN AGAINST THE STATE

Individualist Anarchism in America, 1827-1908

By DR. JAMES J. MARTIN

Foreword by Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes

The story of the action and propaganda of a unique group of Yankee dissidents which demolishes completely the notion that America has no native radical tradition.

PRICE \$3.25 POSTPAID

Published by the LIBERTARIAN BOOK CLUB, INC.

Gen. P. O. Box 842

New York 1, N. Y.

The Clowns of Commerce

Which Wire-Tapper

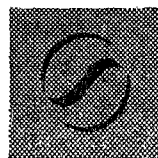
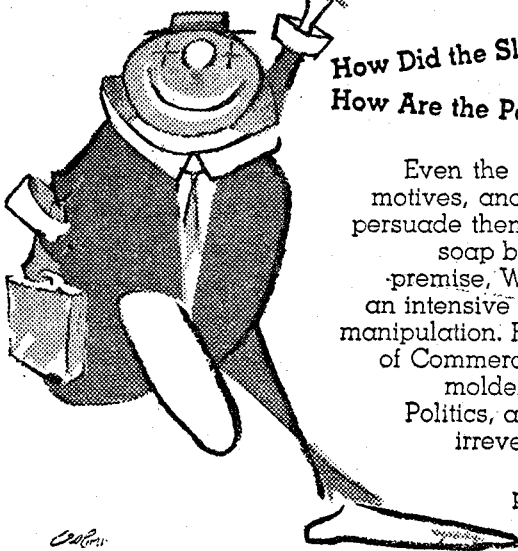
Listened in to Himself?

What is Freud Doing in the Supermarket?

How Did the Slenderizers Grow Fat?

How Are the Persuaders Persuaded?

Even the motivators must have motives, and the persuaders must persuade themselves to live in their soap bubble world. With this premise, Walter Goodman made an intensive survey of the world of manipulation. His book, "The Clowns of Commerce", dissects the mind-molders of Big Business, Big Politics, and Big Religion, in an irreverent, laugh-provoking yet thoughtful and penetrating way. \$4.95



SAGAMORE PRESS, INC., PUBLISHERS

50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y., JU 2-1555

IN LAKEWOOD, N. J., IT'S

the Manhattan

61ST ST. & CLIFTON AVE
TEL. LAKEWOOD 6-0730

for FALL VACATION PLEASURE

- Added Room Comforts
- GOLF nearby • SUN LAMP Room
- Week-End Entertainment, Music, Dancing
- Intimate Cocktail Lounge

Distinctive Cuisine Includes:

- LOBSTER • FILET MIGNON
- BLINTZES •

SPECIAL MID-WEEK RATES & FREE GOLD — Mon. thru Thurs.
(Excl. Hol.)

Enjoyable, informal. — A. Brandenburg, M'gt.

FREE

Booklet
on
Publishing
Your
Book

If you are the talented author of an unpublished manuscript, let us help gain the recognition you deserve. We will publish your BOOK—we will edit, design, print, promote, advertise and sell it! Good royalties.

Write for FREE copy of
How To Publish Your Book
COMET PRESS BOOKS, Dept. NA-11
200 Varick St., N. Y. 14

CRACKPOTS — ATTENTION

ONE-WORLDEERS — DO-GOODERS
UN-STERS

YOU who feel the arms race is not the answer. **BRAINSTORMING TOWARD SURVIVAL** proves the profit in Responsible Interdependence—World Development—Free Trade. We cannot destroy Communism but we may convert Communism thru responsible individual action on the world scene.

139 p. book of new ideas by engineer businessman \$1.00, or summary free.

Contribute your brainstormers for next edition.

Harold Fowler, 202 W. Third
No. Manchester, Indiana

OF JOYCE INTEREST

Three special items indispensable to reader and scholar alike:

A JAMES JOYCE MISCELLANY

Edited by Marvin Magalaner
— contributions by Thornton Wilder, Leon Edel, Maria Jolas, and others.

JAMES JOYCE AND PAUL L. LEON: The Story of Friendship
By Lucie Noel

JAMES JOYCE: The Last Journey
By Leon Edel
— little known last chapter of James Joyce's life.

List of Joyce items on request

THE GOTHAM BOOK MART

41 W. 47 St., N.Y. 36 PLaza 7-0367-8

AUTHORS WANTED BY N. Y. PUBLISHER

New York, N. Y.—One of the nation's largest book publishers is seeking manuscripts of all types—fiction, non-fiction, poetry. Special attention to new writers. If your work is ready for publication, send for booklet No. 103—It's free. Vantage Press, Inc., 120 West 81st Street, New York 1, New York.

we are reminded (and the French across the page makes the reminder infinitely stronger) that the poetry of pure evocation, "every rift more loaded with ore" than Keats himself dreamed of—every petal of association pressed for the evocative attars within it—is no more dead than Symbolism itself.

Each of these translations brings us new faces—and not merely masks but naked faces—for man. Each takes us into a truth we might not have noticed, or at least remembered. Each reinforces our knowledge that essential truth is always a unique realization with its own idiom and mode of revealing itself. Each recalls to us the way in which kindred sensibilities exist where we would not have thought of seeking them. "The others"—the people of past and foreign experience—are something better than pathetically distorted images of ourselves; they are our possibilities, our alternatives in life and in vision, writ large. Ezra Pound strengthened his own vision immeasurably through his summoning up of Propertius in his famous *Homage to Sextus Propertius*. This translation-adaptation, intended "to bring a dead man to life, to present a

living figure," enabled him to help revivify the language of poetry by bringing the candid sensibility of the Roman poet to bear on the cant of our century. Inevitably, the effort of our best poets to reconstruct the work of other fine poets who have written in other languages must have a similar effect and thus be an endlessly germinating enterprise.

1. *Selected Poetry and Prose: Centenary Commemorative Edition.* By Adam Mickiewicz. Polonia Publishing House (Warsaw).

2. *Selected Poems.* By Adam Mickiewicz. Edited by Clark Mills. The Noonday Press. \$3.

3. *Poets in a Landscape.* By Gilbert Highet. Alfred A. Knopf. \$6.50

4. *Catullus: The Complete Poetry.* By Frank Copley. University of Michigan Press. \$3.75.

5. *The Poems of Catullus.* By Horace Gregory. Grove Press. \$1.25.

6. *Poems from the Greek Anthology.* By Dudley Fitts. New Directions. \$3.

7. *One Hundred Poems from the Chinese.* By Kenneth Rexroth. New Directions. \$3.50.

8. *Hypnos Waking.* By René Char. Edited by Jackson Mathews. Random House. \$5.

9. *Eloges and other Poems.* By St.-John Perse. Translated by Louise Varèse. Pantheon Books. \$2.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

COMPULSION, the dramatization by Meyer Levin of his own novel (the play is advertised as offering the producer's version of the text) is an arresting show (Ambassador). It also seems to be a success, despite a markedly mixed press reception. One reason for this certainly is the sensational nature of its subject matter—the old (1924) Leopold-Loeb case involving the murder of a young boy by two teen-agers, scions of wealthy Chicago families and *cum laude* university graduates.

I am not fascinated by murders or newspaper accounts of them. I never read any of the reports of the original case, though I heard about it. I can only explain this by saying that I never feel I truly understand anything about any scandal by reading the blunt facts concerning it. I understand things of this sort only through personal contact with people and events or through works of art. When I read in a newspaper about a lurid occurrence my sensibilities may be assaulted but my intuition is not alerted, my imagination not stimulated, my heart not touched, my mind not enlightened.

That violent action is a proper source of drama we know through the whole history of literature. The plot of *Compulsion* is no more ugly than that of *Oedipus Rex*. There is more perversion in Marlowe's *Edward II* than in *Compulsion*, and *King Lear* is not a pretty tale. Camus' play *Caligula*—to cite contemporary instances—or Genet's *The Balcony* make *Compulsion* seem like "Home Sweet Home."

Compulsion is no work of art. But that does not altogether condemn it for me, for most of the plays I see—some of which I enjoy—are not works of art either. To assert that one play is entertainment because it deals with pleasant matters and another not entertainment because it deals with unpleasant matters is, objectively speaking, presumptuous—since people in all periods have found certain unpleasant subjects magnetic.

As entertainment, *Compulsion* holds the attention by virtue of three factors: its story suggests various serious considerations—the psychic sources of criminal acts, the importance of psychic disturbance in the administration of justice, the need to view criminality as part of universal rather than special

problems. None of these themes is genuinely explored or creatively communicated in the play, but they are brought up. Second, the play has a large canvas of people and places and this is handsomely managed through Peter Larkin's settings and fluent staging by Alex Segal. The economics of our theatre makes such big productions difficult; we are glad to see a panoramic play which moves swiftly from place to place and introduces a great number of types. This is part of the theatre's fun and in the past twenty years we have largely been deprived of it. Third, the actors are well chosen (even the understudies—I saw two at the performance I attended—are good) and Ina Balin stands out in my memory as affectingly right.

I WAS not moved or even very much excited by the play for reasons I have explained, but I was interested because of the factors I have just noted—though in the matter of acting I must not fail to say that the acting was generally of the literal and illustrative kind which is closer to reportage than to creation. But what really makes me approve of the show is that I believe it worthwhile for the ugly or the sensational (however you are inclined to put it) to be presented in the theatre where in the final

count it may have a liberating effect.

Aesthetic sophisticates and moral traditionalists may scorn such a statement—but the theatre would expire if it depended entirely on them. I believe that art is the greatest "propaganda," but propaganda—so feared and shunned these days—also has its place in the theatre, and I think there is a certain hypocrisy in implying that *Compulsion* has no honest effect because it is not artistically composed.

The points that *Compulsion* attempts to make may be old hat to a good number of people but there is a far greater number of people who still need to have made clear to them the social and human value of acknowledging homosexuality, for instance, as something that calls for more than the assistance of a policeman or even of a psychiatrist.

The modern American novel is far ahead of our theatre in scope of theme. Though plays like *Compulsion* are embryonic and crude as artistic expression, they have, beside the fact that they do serve over the protests of the "sensitive" as popular entertainment, a pioneering value: they open the way to plays of a finer vein on similar material. Unless our theatre is made receptive to all subjects and modes it will never attain maturity.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

AARON COPLAND'S *Piano Variations* (1930) and his *Piano Sonata* (1940) have always been regarded as two of his most important and monumental works. By some people they are also considered to be the opposite side of a coin reading *Appalachian Spring-Billy the Kid*. They are not an opposite side at all, for Copland's creative personality does not divide that way. In his best works, keenness of thought and a unique expressive gift are constant attributes, and they are apparent whether he is dealing with folk materials or with self-invented abstractions. In the *Variations* and in the *Sonata*, he was working abstractly; he was also composing for the piano, which, in the twentieth century, has come to be thought of as an instrument of percussion. The result was a spare, percussive, super-direct delineation of idea. But anyone listening to the ballet scores with half an ear can hear that they are just as lean and precise in their formulation of ideas, just as meticulous in their arrangement of musical elements, as are the piano works.

May Song

(From the French of Jacques Prévert)

The ass, the King and I
Tomorrow we shall die
The ass of hunger
The King of boredom
And I of love

A finger of chalk
On the slate of days
Traces our names
And the wind in the poplars
Names us
King Man Ass

Sun of black chiffon
Our names are already erased
Fresh waters of meadows
Sift of the hour glass
Rose of the red rose tree
Path of the schoolboys

The ass, the King and I
Tomorrow we shall die
The ass of hunger
The King of boredom
And I of love
In the month of May

Life is a cherry
Death is a cherry seed
Love is a cherry tree

A. J. M. SMITH and GEORGES JOYAUX

November 16, 1957

BOOKS OF INTEREST to Readers of *The Nation*

HABIMA

by Raikin Ben-Ari

The story of a great acting company that influenced the course of the theater throughout the world. Born in the turbulent days of the Russian Revolution, Habima was the first dramatic group to play exclusively in Hebrew, guided by the genius of such directors as Stanislavsky and Vachtangov. Written by a member of the original troupe, this volume is at once an inspiring chronicle of artistic struggle and achievement and a valuable reference work for everyone interested in the theater. Foreword by Harold Clurman. Illustrated. \$5.00

SECRETS OF THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS

by Hugh J. Schonfield

Based on the latest research, this volume is perhaps the most up-to-date study of the Dead Sea Scrolls. In attempting to discover the true historical association of the Scrolls and to identify the founder of the sect responsible for producing them, the author, a prominent British scholar and writer, takes the reader on a fascinating voyage of exploration into our religious past. \$4.50

FROM SUMTER TO SHILOH

Introduction by Roy F. Nichols

This book is the popular edition of the first volume of the monumental *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*. Containing the entire text as well as all the exciting illustrations in the original, plus a new introduction by a Pulitzer Award-winning historian, it makes available at a popular price a truly magnificent "curtain raiser" to the greatest work dealing with the Civil War. 400 illustrations; 47 maps. \$4.95

Materials Toward a HISTORY OF WITCHCRAFT

Collected by Henry Charles Lea

Long recognized as the one indispensable work for those who wish to understand the demonic "black arts" that have influenced and shaped world civilizations, this massive study (previously unobtainable except on the reference shelves of a few major libraries), is one of the rarest publications printed in the twentieth century. This new complete and unexpurgated edition makes Dr. Lea's extraordinary treatise, the most thorough ever compiled on the subject, once more accessible to the general reading public.

Three volumes, boxed; 1,548 pages \$20.00*

*Special Pre-Publication Offer!

Orders for *Materials Toward a History of Witchcraft* received before December 31 will be filled at the special pre-publication price of only \$16.95.

THOMAS JEFFERSON: A Biography

by Nathan Schachner

This new, unabridged one-volume edition, described by Orville Prescott as the "best Jefferson biography I have seen," brilliantly succeeds in solving the problems that have hindered scholars in achieving a full understanding of Jefferson as a statesman and as a man. 1,070 pages; illustrated. \$8.95

THOMAS YOSELOFF, Inc.
11 East 36th Street, New York 16

ARMAGEDDON?

Private Property vs. Socialism?
Good Theme for a Comic Opera!

In cold fact, a form of property has arisen with the virtues of both and the vices of neither, property with built-in social obligations; but \$100 billion of assets, doubling every 10 years, awakens no curiosity, no philosophy, no intellectual attention. Why? Could we see, if we looked, the orderly evolution of a modern State for modern times, totally new to our conceptions? Read:

Diversion for Young Philosophers

By Kenneth Emerson 32 pp., 50 cents
42 Aberdeen Road, Milton 87, Mass.

MEETINGS

MORTON SOBELL is serving a 30-year sentence in Alcatraz on an "espionage conspiracy" charge. Maintaining absolute innocence, he has filed appeals which await Supreme Court consideration. Thousands question the fairness of his trial; among them, philosophers Bertrand Russell and Jean Paul Sartre, former OWI chief Elmer Davis, Nobel prize winning nuclear physicist Harold Urey, Prof. Malcolm Sharp of Chicago University's Law School, Dr. Stephen Love and Norman Thomas.

Hear:

HARVEY O'CONNOR
author, *Empire of Oil*, successful defender of First Amendment, 1956

and
ADRIAN SCOTT
screen-writer, producer, noted for prize-winning film *Crossfire*

present

**The Sobell Case in Perspective:
Two Points of View**

Chairman:

HARRY BRIDGES, president, Int'l Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union

**Sir Francis Drake Hotel
San Francisco**

Friday, Nov. 22, 8 P.M.

Auspices:

No. Calif. Council Sobell Committee

UNITARIAN PUBLIC FORUM (presented with cooperation of Los Angeles Independent Forum): **DEMOCRACY & SOCIALISM: ARE THEY COMPATIBLE?** Paul A. Baran, Professor of Economics, Stanford, author "Political Economy of Growth", and Fred Warner Neal, Associate Professor International Relations and Government, Claremont Graduate School, editorial columnist in Los Angeles Times. Place: **Unitarian Auditorium**, 2936 West 8th St., Los Angeles. Time: Friday, November 22, 8 P.M., 75 cents. Question Period. Coffee Hour.

**The Best Way
To Get
The Nation**

THE NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York 14

- ☐ One Year, \$8
- ☐ Two Years, \$14
- ☐ Three Years, \$20
- ☐ 6 Months, \$4.00

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed

(Canadian and Foreign Postage
\$1 a year extra)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

11-16-57

They have been conditioned by the requirements of the theatre; therein lies any noticeable difference.

WITH this as a preamble, I come to the Copland *Piano Fantasy* (1957) which was given its world premiere recently at the Juilliard Concert Hall. It was played twice by the extraordinary young pianist, William Masselos. This new work, it is perfectly plain, is successor and blood-brother to the earlier piano works. It is massive, severely conceived, and fascinating for every one of its thirty minutes. Most surprising, the *Fantasy* takes a long step in the direction of the twelve-tone system. As Copland put it in his program notes: "The musical framework of the entire piece is based upon a sequence of ten different notes of the chromatic scale. To these are joined, subsequently, the two unused tones of the scale, treated throughout as a kind of cadential interval. Thus, inherent in the materials are elements able to be associated with the twelve-tone method and with music tonally conceived."

Probably because it employs this modified twelve-tone approach, the *Piano Fantasy* does not sound like the composer's previous music. On its outside, it wears an almost neutral stylistic sheath, as if the composer had consciously avoided every turn of phrase that might have reminded the ear of his earlier works. As a result of this seeming neutrality, the listener is forced to concentrate even more rigorously upon the ideas themselves. And despite it, Copland's habitual treatment of rhythms comes through the new melodic and harmonic structure with a hint of familiarity.

The most remarkable aspect of the new work, however, is its successful combination of vigorous logic and free fantasy. Its overall structure is complex and does not explain itself even on a second hearing. But the sense of moving forward, through many changes of mood and scene, to a clearly foreseen destination does not desert the music for an instant. And the degree of intensity achieved in certain insistent, climactic passages surpasses anything I have heard from Copland's pen. One section in particular remains in the memory, a section in which, through the gradual expansion of a single motif over several pages of score, the music arrives at the very height of possible tension and, suddenly, curves away like a jet bomber peeling off into a dive. When, hitting the bottom of its trajectory, it flashes upward again with a disturbing flutter, there can be no doubt that something unusual has just occurred.

RESORTS

50 Miles to FOREST HOUSE

Near enough for a weekend, fine enough for a season's stay. Luxury and comfort in a fireproof building. AIR-CONDITIONED and ELEVATOR-SERVICED . . . Unexcelled cuisine. Tops for sports. Nat Manners Orchestra; Benito & Gloria, dance team . . . Sophisticated entertainment.

FOREST HOUSE

Lake Mahopac, N.Y. • Tel. Mahopac 8-3449
In N.Y.C. Phone (local rate): Fairbanks 5-7227

Visit or live at **FLORIDA'S RIVERLAND RESORT** — 20 acres of organic gardens, grove and jungle — operated by ex-prof. writer. Boating; hiking; ocean or pool swimming; vegetarian meals; health care. **CALHOUN, Box 204, Rt. 4, FT. PIERCE, FLA.**

RECORDINGS

FOLKWAYS RECORDS

WORLD'S LEADING PRODUCER OF AUTHENTIC FOLK MUSIC ON RECORDS including The Ethnic Folkways Library which contains a selection of the music of over 400 peoples, recorded on location; each Long Play Record is accompanied by extensive notes by collectors and recognized authorities.

And the famous SONGS TO GROW ON series for children. ANTHOLOGY OF JAZZ and AMERICAN FOLK MUSIC, INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE and LITERATURE series.

10" Long Playing Records\$1.25
12" Long Playing Records\$5.95

For complete FREE catalog write to:

FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE CORP.

117 West 46th St., New York 36, N.Y.

SAVE ON ALL LP's

- Factory Fresh
- Including hard to get items
- Fast Service • Careful Packing

Write for free catalog

DISCOUNT RECORD SERVICE

Box 175, Radio City Sta., N. Y. 19

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

Complete Personality Analysis
from Your Handwriting
Fee \$5.00

ALFRED KANTER

62 Leroy St., New York 14, N. Y.

Endorsed by scientific authorities, hospitals, insurance companies, colleges, psych. journals.

Recipient of research grants.

PERSONALS

IMAGINE! A Gift Catalog that quotes Einstein, Oppenheimer, Emerson, Freud, Fromm, Pusey—and Horace! "Utterly enchanting!"—C.P.W. Cape Cod. **FREE** by return air mail. Hurry! **PACIFIC NEW ENGLAND, INC.**, Box 1152, Studio City, Cal. (Our 3rd year!)

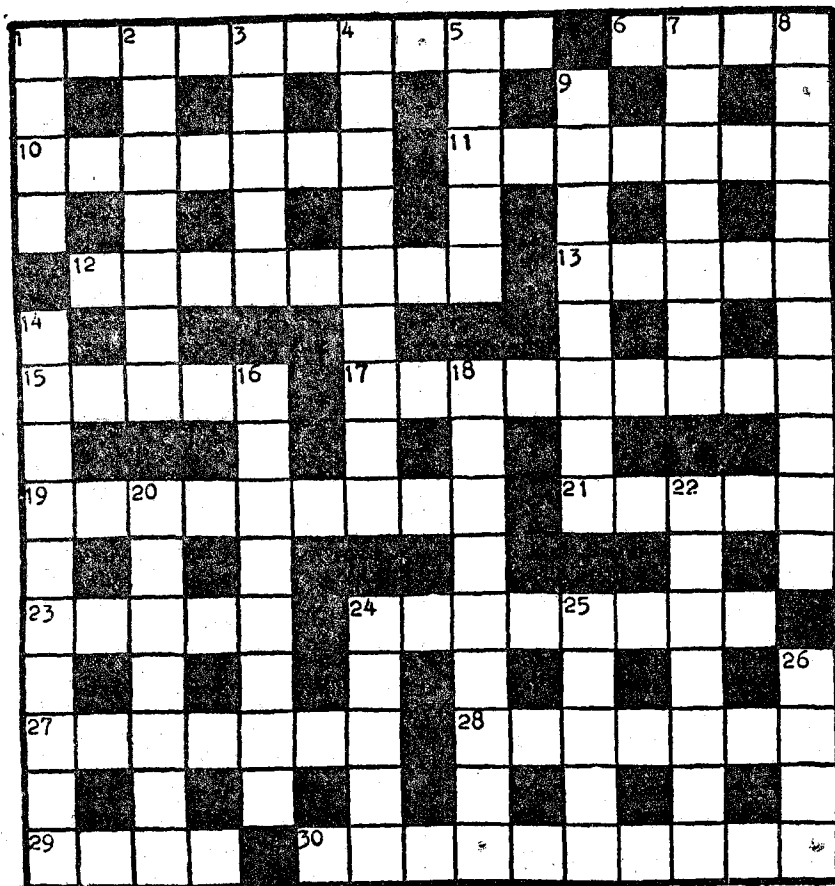
EMERGENCY SALE, 3 HOUSES, bargains, \$8,500-\$17,000, acre seclusion, superior location, views, cultured neighbors, commuting. **VOLKSWAGEN '58 DELUXE MICROBUS**, immediate delivery. Rick, Peekskill 9-5168.

ELECTRIC FAN-HEATER COMBINATION. Compact Portable Unit. Regularly \$14.95—**SPECIAL \$9.95.** Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Avenue (13th and 14th Sts.), N. Y. GR 3-7819. 1 hour free parking.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! \$10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. **Steven N. Williams, Ltd.**, 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

Crossword Puzzle No. 746

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 This might give us all a try, I find, in a beneficial way. (10)
- 6 Explored by the psychoanalyst in the morning? (It's in the center of things.) (4)
- 10 Vexed at the rash results? (7)
- 11 Tries. (7)
- 12 Otis and Cornelia should be used to hiding! (8)
- 13 Where to look for lack of breeding, or meet with it. (5)
- 15 Slavonic Dances reverse these figures. (5)
- 17 Closeness is equal to ecclesiastical crime. (9)
- 19 Oliver might have tried to, without judgment. (9)
- 21 A proverbial weeper. (5)
- 23 Plate, perhaps. (5)
- 24 They might be expected to hop (especially when produced by the tip). (8)
- 27 Evidently the red suit might be a little more gray. (7)
- 28 Might imply a degree of bitterness to what shines back (7)
- 29 In a way, 1 down should be comfortable. (4)
- 30 They should know canonical law must last, I'd conclude. (10)

DOWN:

- 1 The way 29 is forced to leave? (4)
- 2 Not smoked exclusively in narghiles. (7)

- 3 Anything raptorial might use it. (5)
- 4 Not the exclusive season of Russia! (3, 6)
- 5 Loses the deposit (since it probably wasn't banked regularly). (5)
- 7 and 25 Are books headed for Tetuan? (7, 5)
- 8 Do seers try to make more than one Siva? (10)
- 9 Authorized. (8)
- 14 Perhaps the high spot of the floral display. (4, 6)
- 16 The shape the whole world is in right now. (8)
- 18 The tree that holds the king's life-line? (5, 4)
- 20 All but the head of the aster family is in sort of diffusion. (7)
- 22 Those of some children are supposed to be bright. (7)
- 24 No longer a quick red to exist with the up-draft. (5)
- 25 See 7 down.
- 26 Goddess related to Bebe? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 745

ACROSS: 1 MAD MONEY; 5 SCRAPS; 10 CACTI; 11 GENUFLECT; 12 OUSTING; 13 LEBWARD; 14 BURNED; 15 DISAVOW; 18 RADIATE; 21 MORTAL; 24 ENTICED; 26 NESTING; 27 INFLUENZA; 28 UNITE; 29 LASTLY; 30 BETRAYED. DOWN: 1 MACRON; 2 DACHSHUND; 3 OPINION; 4 ENGAGED; 6 COFFERS; 7 ARENA; 8 SITS DOWN; 9 ANGLED; 16 VIABILITY; 17 TRUE BILL; 19 ACCRUAL; 20 ENDING; 21 MUNDANE; 22 RESCUER; 23 AGREED; 25 TIFFS.

PUBLICATIONS

ATOMIC ENERGY AND AGRICULTURE 460 pp. 1957 \$9.50
 THE FUTURE OF ARID LANDS 464 pp. 1956 \$6.75
 WATER FOR INDUSTRY 140 pp. 1956 \$3.75
 FLUORIDATION AS A PUBLIC HEALTH MEASURE 240 pp. \$4.50
 SOVIET SCIENCE 128 pp. 1952 \$1.75
 American Ass'n Advancement of Science
 1515 Mass. Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C.

PUBLISHING

Planning to publish a book or booklet? Our free folder outlines a low cost production and distribution service (author owns all copies and rights plus 70% royalty on our sales).

WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS

313 West 35th Street New York 1, N. Y.

RATIONALIST PRESS ASS'N

(Bertrand Russell, Pres.)

invites inquiries regarding activities of Local Chapter. Free information, literature from Local Secretary E. L. Gruber, 162 West 86th, New York 24.

JOHN FRIEND, BOOKFINDER, Out-of-Print Specialist, can get the books you want. Free Search Service, Box 2570-N, Long Beach 1, California.

Richard Nixon's key role in the frame-up of Alger Hiss is brilliantly analyzed by William A. Reuben, in his book—

THE HONORABLE MR. NIXON
 148 pages Regularly \$1.00

The Russians' success with Sputnik highlights what is perhaps one of the greatest frauds in history, the hoax of atomic espionage. Read William A. Reuben's sensational, fully-documented expose of all the "spy" cases of the past decade—

THE ATOM SPY HOAX
 512 pages Regularly \$3.75

BOTH BOOKS ARE NOW AVAILABLE FOR \$3.00—a saving to you of \$1.75 per set.

Order directly from ACTION BOOKS, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

Buy Your Books through THE Nation

Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book at the regular retail price post-free if payment is received with the order, or at the retail price plus postage if the book is sent C.O.D. No C.O.D.'s outside the United States. When ordering, please give name and author and publisher, if possible.

Please address your orders to

Miss O. LePach
 THE READER'S SERVICE DIVISION
 333 Sixth Ave. New York 14, N. Y.

A special pre-publication offer to "scientists, painters,
poets, philosophers, engineers, businessmen,
teachers, tinkers"* and others — on the five new
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN books

These are the 5 new
**SCIENTIFIC
AMERICAN**
books

THE PLANET EARTH. Required reading in this International Geophysical Year. This book ignores the thin film of ever-changing animal and plant life on the Earth; it considers the forces, tides, and currents that stir our planet's core, crust, oceans, and atmosphere. 176 pages. Illustrated.

LIVES IN SCIENCE. Here the reader will meet two or three authentic giants, a hero or two, a saint and a rascal, sunny men of action, sour recluses, and a collection of eccentrics, prodigies and sages. Each man made his contribution to the 400-year history of science. 288 pages. Illustrated.

THE NEW CHEMISTRY. Current activity in the new chemistries of high speeds and temperatures, of "outlaw particles" and "free radicals," and rare earths, and of exquisitely sensitive analyses that detect an atom or two at a time. 244 pages. Illustrated.

PLANT LIFE. Plants furnish us with cheap and invaluable laboratory subjects for studying growth and form, genetics and evolution and the underlying chemistry of life — with its revolutionary impact upon agriculture and human nutrition. 256 pages. Illustrated.

THE UNIVERSE. How the two contending schools of modern cosmology (one of which believes that the universe is expanding) are putting their theories to the test of observation. 160 pages. Illustrated in gravure.

And here are the first 5
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN BOOKS
(more than 40,000 of each
already sold)

AUTOMATIC CONTROL. About the mechanical "nervous systems" that make machines and factories regulate themselves.

ATOMIC POWER. The peace-loving atom: how nuclear reactors will be used to light homes and turn the wheels of industry.

THE NEW ASTRONOMY. The birth and death of stars, red giants and blue dwarfs, double stars and solar systems, globular clusters, errant comets, interstellar dust, galaxies.

THE PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY OF LIFE. Life is explained in terms of the structure and behavior of the molecules that make up cells and tissues. 270 pages. Illustrated.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY BESTIARY. A new look at the behavior of animals, from the language of the bee to curiosity in monkeys. 240 pages. Illustrated.

The brilliantly-acclaimed new series in which the world's leading scientists, writing in clear, non-technical language, report to the layman (and to their colleagues in other fields) news of the latest investigations on the frontiers of science.

SIMON AND SCHUSTER will shortly publish five new paperback books in the first science library of its kind. They are briefly described in the panel. Each book, superbly written, edited, and illustrated, gives a comprehensive view of new discoveries and conclusions in one major field of science.

Each book derives from articles that have appeared in *Scientific American Magazine* — the century-old periodical which, 10 years ago was, in the words of the *New York Times* "miraculously transformed by new hands into one of the most remarkable ventures in the history of scientific publication. Its roster of contributors reads like a Who's Who of contemporary science." The *New Yorker* has called it "without much doubt our most satisfactory link between the general public and the laboratory."

**How a publishing experiment
became an instant success**

The first 5 SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN BOOKS were published last year.

They were an instant success. Over 40,000 copies of each have already been sold.

The Times calls the series "a stimulating source of information and reflection" for the reader who is "curious to learn about himself and the world he lives in."

The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists wrote: "They are of interest not only to the non-scientist but to the professional who wishes to be *au courant* with the latest developments outside his specialization. One hopes *Scientific American* will be encouraged to expand its coverage with more books of this quality."

And here are typical reactions from readers: New Orleans: "It almost literally opened a new world for me. I'm a sociologist and

knew nothing about any of the physical sciences. Intelligible, exciting."... A New York reader praises the attractive format — adding "but I would read this kind of writing on wrapping paper."

To these thousands of readers — as well as to thousands more who are about to discover SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN BOOKS for the first time, we are happy to present the five new books in the second series.

A special pre-publication offer

The new titles, described in the panel, will soon be off press. They are handsomely printed, and illustrated, bound in strong paper covers. A large first printing enables us to price these books (size 5½ x 8; 160 to 288 pages) at only \$1.45 each.

Readers who order the complete set of five, now, will be billed at only \$6 — a saving of \$1.25 on the five books.

SEND NO MONEY

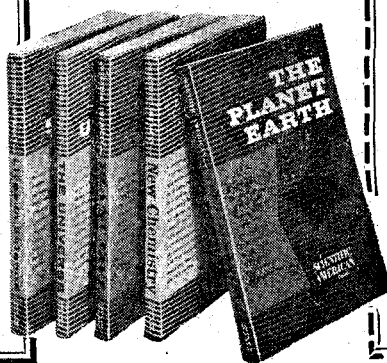
Examine for 3 weeks, free

You need send no money with the reservation form. But do mail it today. The books will be sent to you as soon as possible. Examine them, read them, enjoy them for 21 days.

The publishers believe it is no overstatement to say that these books — in addition to being basic equipment for scientists, engineers, businessmen concerned with new scientific developments, teachers, and young people contemplating careers in science or engineering — contain important and fascinating news for just about every literate inhabitant of our small but fascinating planet.

If you are not delighted with them, send them back and pay nothing. Otherwise we will bill you at only \$6 plus a few cents postage. SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Publishers, Dept. NA 630 Fifth Avenue. (Company and Institutional inquiries invited.)

*A partial list of the people who, according to the *Times*, are likely to enjoy SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN BOOKS.



To Your Bookseller, or:

**SIMON AND SCHUSTER, INC., Dept. NA
630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.**

☐ Please reserve in my name and send as soon as ready the **SECOND Set of 5 new SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN BOOKS** for FREE examination. If not delighted, I may return the set within 21 days and pay nothing. Otherwise, you will bill me at the special price of only \$6.00 plus a few cents postage, as payment in full.

☐ Please **ALSO** send the **FIRST Set of 5 SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN BOOKS** for 21 days' FREE examination. If I keep them, you will bill me at the special price of \$6.00 plus a few cents postage as payment in full.

Name

Address

City..... Zone..... State.....

☐ **SAVE POSTAGE.** Check here if you are ENCLOSING \$6 for either set (or \$12 for BOTH sets), in which case WE PAY POSTAGE. Same return privilege, of course.